

THE
AMARANTH,
" OR
TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE;
A
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT
FOR
1854.

EDITED BY
EMILY PERCIVAL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE volume now at hand forms the eighth of the series under its present title; and the increasing favor with which it has been received has only stimulated its proprietors to constantly new and higher aims for its character.

Of its literary attractions, the publishers presume it is only necessary to say, that it has had the same editorial supervision which has so signally marked its seven predecessors; while, in all other respects, they trust it will not suffer by a comparison with the best of them.

With this brief explanation of their efforts to please, they commend it to the kind consideration of the friends of its predecessors in the series, trusting in this, as in the past, they will be encouraged to renew their exertions for a worthy successor.

Boston, August, 1853.



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THE AMARANTH.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BARDI.

A TRUE OLD TALE.

THE Via dei Bardi is one of the most ancient streets of Florence. Long, dark, and narrow, it reaches from the extremity of the Ponte Rubaconte to the right of the Ponte Vecchio. Its old houses look decayed and squalid now ; but in former days they were magnificent and orderly, full of all the state of those times, being the residences of many of the Florentine nobility. How many struggles of faction, how many scenes of civil war, have these old houses witnessed ! for in the period of their splendor, Florence was torn by intestine feuds ; from generation to generation, Guelfs and Ghibellines, Bianchi and Neri, handed down their bitter quarrels, private and personal animosity mingling with public or party spirit,

and ending in many a dark and violent deed. These combatants are all sleeping now: the patriot, the banished citizen, the timid, the cruel—all, all are gone, and have left us only tales to read, or lessons to learn, if we can but use them. But we are not skilled to teach a lesson; we would rather tell a legend of those times, recalled to mind, especially at present, because it has been chosen as the subject of a fine picture recently finished by a Florentine artist, Benedetto Servolino.

In the Via dei Bardi stood—probably still stands—the house inhabited by the chief of the great and noble family from whom it takes its name: we write of the period of the fiercest struggles between the Guelfs and Ghibellines; and the Bardi were powerful partisans of the latter party. In that house dwelt a young girl of uncommon beauty, and yet more uncommon character. An old writer thus describes her: “To look on her was enchantment; her eyes called you to love her; her smile was like heaven; if you heard her speak, you were conquered. Her whole person was a miracle of beauty, and her deportment had a certain maidenly pride, springing from a pure heart and conscious integrity.”

From the troubled scenes she had witnessed, her mind had acquired composure and courage unusual

with her sex, and it was of that high stamp that is prone to admire with enthusiasm all generous and self-devoting deeds. Such a being, however apt to inspire love, was not likely to be easily won; accordingly, the crowd of lovers who at first surrounded Dianora gradually dropped off, for they gained no favor. All were received with the same bright and beautiful smile, and a gay, charming grace, which flattered no man's vanity; so they carried their homage to other shrines where it might be more prized, though by an inferior idol. And what felt Dianora when her votaries left her? We are not told; but not long after, you might see, if you walked along the street of the Bardi towards evening, a beautiful woman sitting near a balcony: a frame of embroidery is before her; but her eyes are oftener turned to the street than to the lilies she is working. It is Dianora. But surely it is not idle curiosity that bends her noble brow so often this way, and beams in her bright, speaking eyes, and sweet, kind smile. On whom is it turned, and why does her cheek flush so quickly? A youth of graceful and manly appearance is passing her window; his name is Hyppolito: he has long cherished the image of Dianora as Dante did that of his Beatrice. In loving her, he loved more ardently every thing that is good and noble in the world; he shunned folly and

idleness, and strove to make himself worthy of what he believed Dianora to be. At length, one of Cupid's emissaries — whether nurse or friend the chronicle does not tell — aided Hyppolito in meeting Dianora. One meeting succeeded another, till she gave him her heart, as such a true, young heart is given, with entire confidence, and a strength of feeling peculiar to herself. But what could they hope? Hyppolito's family were of the opposite party, and they knew it was vain to expect from them even a patient hearing; nor were the Bardi behind in proper feelings of hatred. What was to be done? There was but one Dianora, but one Hyppolito, in the world; so have many wise young people thought of each other, both before and since the days of the Ghibellines; but these two might be excused for thinking so, for many who saw them were of the same opinion. To part — what was the world to them if they were parted? Their station, their years, their tastes, — so removed from noisy and frivolous pleasures, — their virtuous characters seemed to point out that they were born for each other. What divided them? One only point — the adverse political feelings of their families. Shall they sacrifice themselves to these? No. Thus reasoned Hyppolito; but we think the chronicles exaggerate the virtues of Dianora's character; for how many a girl unchroni-

pled by fame has, before the still tribunal of her own sense of duty to God and her parents, sacrificed her dearest hopes rather than offend them! And this, with all her heroism, Dianora did not, but gave up all these dear early claims for her new love.

Delays were needless, for time could do nothing to smooth their path; so it was determined that Hyppolito should bring a ladder to Dianora's window, and, aided by their friends, they should find their way to a priest prepared to give them his blessing. The night appointed came—still and beautiful as heart could wish; the stars sparkling in the deep-blue sky, bright as they may now be seen in that fair clime. Hyppolito has reached the house: he has fixed the ladder of ropes; there is no moon to betray him; in a minute, his light step will have reached the balcony. But there is a noise in the street, and lights approaching; the night guard is passing; they have seen the ladder, for the street is narrow. Hyppolito is down, and tries to escape—in vain. They seize and drag him to prison. What was he doing there? What can he reply? That he meant to enter the house, to carry something from it, or commit some bad deed, cannot be denied. He will not betray Dianora; it would only be to separate them forever, and leave her with a stained name. He yields to his fate; the

proofs are irresistible, and by the severe law of Florence at that period, Hyppolito must die. All Florence is in amazement. So estimable a youth, to all outward appearance, to be in reality addicted to the basest crimes! Who could have believed it? But he confesses; there is no room for doubt. Pardon is implored by his afflicted friends; but no pardon can be granted for so flagrant a crime.

Hyppolito had one consolation—his father never doubted him: if he had, one glance of his son's clear though sad eye, and candid, open brow, would have reassured him. He saw there was a mystery, but he was sure it involved no guilt on Hyppolito's part. Hyppolito also believed that his good name would one day be cleared, and that his noble Dianora would in due time remove the stain that clouded it. He consented to die, rather than live separated from her. Yet poor Hyppolito was sorry to leave the world so young; and sadly, though calmly, he arranged his small possessions, for the benefit of those he loved, and of the poor, to whom he had always been a friend.

He slept quietly the night preceding the time fixed for his execution, and was early ready to take his place in the sad procession. Did no thought cross Hyppolito's clear mind, that he was throwing away, in weak passion, a life given to him by God for noble

ends? We know not; but there he was—calm, firm, and serious. His only request was, that the procession might pass through the street of the Bardi, which some thought was a sign of penitence, an act of humiliation. The sad train moves on. An old man sitting at a door rises, strains his eyes to catch a last glimpse of Hyppolito, and then covers them in anguish, and sinks down again. This is an old man he had saved from misery and death. Two youths, hand in hand, are gazing with sad faces, and tears run down their cheeks. They are orphans: he had clothed and fed them. Hyppolito sees them, and even in that moment remembers it is he who deprives them of a protector: but it is too late to think now; for he is approaching the scene of his fault and the place of his punishment, and other feelings swell in his heart. His brows are contracted; his eyes bent on the house of the Bardi, as if they would pierce the stones of its walls; and now they are cast down, as though he would raise them no more on earth. But he starts, for he hears a loud shriek, a rushing, and an opening of the crowd: they seem to be awed by something that approaches. It is a woman, whose violent gestures defy opposition; she looks like a maniac just escaped from her keepers; she has reached Hyppolito; his fettered arms move as if they would receive

her, but in vain. She turns to the crowd, and some among them recognize the modest and beautiful daughter of Bardi. She calls out, "He is innocent of every crime but having loved me. To save me from shame, he has borne all this disgrace. And he is going to death; but you cannot kill him now. I tell you he is guiltless; and if he dies, I die with him."

The people stand amazed. At last there is a shout: "It must be true! He is innocent!" The execution is stopped till the truth is ascertained, and Dianora's statement is fully confirmed. And who shall paint the return from death to life of poor Hypolito? and to such a life! for, blazoned as the story of her love had been, Dianora's parents, considering also her firm character, subjected even the spirit of party to the voice of affection and reason; and Hypolito's family, softened by sorrow, gladly embraced their Ghibelline daughter. Whether in after life Hypolito and Dianora were distinguished by the qualities they had shown in youth, and whether the promise of affection was realized by time and intimate acquaintance, no chronicle remains to tell. This short glimpse of both is all that is snatched from oblivion—this alone stands out in bright relief, to show us they once were; the rest is lost in the darkness of time.

The moment chosen by the artist is when Dianora rushes from her house into the midst of the crowd, and reaches Hyppolito, surrounded by priests and soldiers. It is easy to see to what a varied expression of passion and action this point of the story gives rise.

2 *

SITTING ÔN THE SHORE.

THE tide has ebbd away.
No more wild surgings 'gainst the adamant rocks ;
No swayings of the seaweed false that mocks
The hues of gardens gay ;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play ;
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's broad brow ;
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The bare gray rocks sit lone ;
The shifting sand lies spread so smooth and dry
That not a wave might ever have swept by
To vex it with loud moan ;
Only some weedy fragments blackening thrown
To rot beneath the sky tell what has been ;
But Desolation's self is grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine ; wheeling round and round about,

Seaward, a white bird flies;
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
An angel, o'er eternity's dim sea
Beckoning — "Come thou where all we glad souls be."

O life, O silent shore,
Where we sit patient! O great sea beyond,
To which we look with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more!

Would we were disembodied souls, to soar,
And like white sea birds wing the infinite deep!
Till then, thou, Just One, wilt our spirits keep.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

It is thirty years since we first met the Mysterious Lady at a fashionable seaside boarding house, and, on our introduction, we found that her brother, General Jerningham, was well known to some members of our family. For five and twenty years afterwards she haunted us at intervals ; and so singularly and secretly conducted were all her movements, that, had she lived in the days of the Inquisition, Miss Jerningham might have proved one of its most valuable agents and coadjutors. She was a thin, middle-aged personage, or, more correctly speaking, of uncertain age, and without any thing very remarkable in her exterior, which was decidedly ladylike, if we except a pair of the very smallest and most restless brown eyes that were ever set in mortal's head. These eyes expressed suspicion, together with intelligence and close observation. They were clear and sparkling, and shaded by no drooping fringes ; and some folks declared that Miss Jerningham slept with her eyes open. On con-

versing with her, she appeared to have been every where, and to know every thing; but the moment any allusion was made to the future, any attempt to discuss *her* prospective plans, then did the little brown eyes assume a reddish tinge, their expression passing from suspicion and alarm to the most stubborn resolve. All this was somewhat ludicrous, because nobody really felt particular interest in her movements, or desired to pry into her actions; but on discovering what appeared to be the weak point in her character, — because it was out of all proportion strong, — idle people, in search of amusement, availed themselves of the knowledge to lead her a very uncomfortable life. Her most intimate friends never knew, for months together, where she was to be found; and it was currently reported that General Jerningham had once advertised in the *Times* for his sister. Certain it is, she always conned the newspapers with avidity, particularly the portion devoted to anonymous communications and the mystical interchange of sentiments; and we frequently suspected that her interest arose from a deeper source than mere curiosity. The simple query, "Where do you think of passing this autumn, Miss Jerningham?" threw her into a state of strange excitement; and she always commenced her answers somewhat in the following strain: "Let-

ters of importance, daily looked for, will determine me—circumstances over which I have no control: it is possible that I may visit Cowes;” but a possibility declared in this way by Miss Jerningham was never known to come to pass. Wherever she chanced to be seen, former acquaintances popped upon her with uplifted hands, exclaiming, “What! *you* here? Why, we thought you were at Ilfracombe”—or some other far-away place. “How long have you been here? how long do you stay?” were questions easily parried; but if a more searching investigation commenced, then the Mysterious Lady turned, and twisted, and doubled painfully, but somehow always managed to elude and baffle her persecutors.

Miss Jerningham’s moral rectitude and unimpeachable propriety of conduct—unsullied by the breath of detraction—rendered her in a great measure impervious to downright ill nature; but still she was open to teasing and bantering; and the more she was teased, and the more she was bantered, the more impenetrable she became. We endeavored to find out from herself—but unsuccessfully—if she had always led such a roving kind of existence, and also how it originated; for General Jerningham had a nice villa near the metropolis, and a small, amiable, domestic circle, ready to receive and welcome the wanderer.

But no; she came upon them unawares, and at periods when they least expected her, and disappeared again as suddenly, they knew not why nor whither. In this way she vanished from the boarding house where we first met her, with no intimation of her intention even to our hostess, till her baggage was ready and the coach at the door.

"Where is Miss Jerningham?" was the unanimous cry when she did not appear in her usual place.

"She left us ^{early} this morning," quietly replied the landlady.

"Gone—really gone?" was repeated in various tones of disappointment; and one old gentleman, who had paid the absent lady marked attention, demanded, in a chagrined voice, "Pray, where has she gone? Can you tell us *that*, ma'am?—heigh!"

"No, sir, I cannot," replied our hostess. "All I can say is, that Miss Jerningham is a very honorable and generous lady, and wherever she is, I wish her well."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, gruffly; "she must have a good fortune to do as she does."

"Yes, sir, she must," was the reply; "and go where she will, I believe that Miss Jerningham always gives plentiful alms. It seems her settled habit, like."

"Settled habit!" muttered the old gentleman; "she

hasn't got a settled habit, ma'am; she is a most unsettled and extraordinary individual."

"Well, sir, perhaps so," replied Mrs. Smith; "but Miss Jerningham is quite the lady." And in that opinion we all coincided, supposing our hostess by the word lady to have meant gentlewoman.

A few months afterwards she called upon us in London. She was not staying with her brother, but declined giving her address, remarking that it was not worth while, as she was about to change her abode immediately. By accident, however, we discovered afterwards that Miss Jerningham had lodged for the whole period within a dozen doors of us. Our surprise was lessened in after years at the pertinacity with which she continued to appear to us, although always at uncertain intervals; for a service rendered by our father, referring to some banking transaction, apparently never escaped her memory, and she invariably alluded to this act of kindness with expressions of gratitude. This circumstance operated, we conjectured, as an encouragement to bestow on us an unusual mark of confidence and friendship, for such Miss Jerningham considered it when requesting permission to add our address to an advertisement she was about inserting in the *Times* for "eligible board and lodging." She knew that newspapers were pro-

hibited articles in our circle; consequently we had no opportunity of finding out that portion of the transaction she wished to conceal. In what locality this "eligible board and lodging" was advertised for, we never inquired, judging it would be needless to do so; but we consented to receive the letters Miss Jerningham expected in answer.

Poor Miss Jerningham! Great was her amazement as well as our own when, in the course of three days, we had amassed for her consideration and perusal no less than seventy-seven letters directed to "X. Y. Z." What temptations were held forth in the advertisement which elicited so many replies, we never were made acquainted with. Miss Jerningham counted the letters, tied them up, and carried them off in triumph. Next day we received a handsome present of some chimney ornaments, with "Miss Jerningham's regards and best thanks;" but we saw no more of the Mysterious Lady for some years. When we did meet again in a quiet country town, she had been to America, and we had experienced vicissitude and bereavement. Our altered mode of living made no difference to Miss Jerningham: she accompanied us home, for we met in the market-place; but as it is not so easy to keep one's place of abode secret in a small gossiping community, for once in her life she made a virtue of

necessity, and openly divulged the fact of her locale, number and all specified. She did not know a creature in the town or in the suburbs—she came there for solitude. Conjecture was afloat in all quarters as to who or what she could be. Some said she must be a gentlewoman, because she wore velvet and satin, and gold chains—moreover, paid well for every thing. Others affirmed she might be a gentlewoman,—gentlewomen did queer things sometimes,—but there must be some very strange reason for a lone and unknown female to drop from the skies, as it were, in the midst of strangers. For our own part, our mind was easier on her account, now that she had broken through her rule of secrecy; and we even hoped that when we saw her again she might go a step farther, and throw off the veil entirely.

On calling at her lodgings, however, the next day, we learned that the lodger had decamped, after placing in the landlady's hand the solatium of another week's rent, as specified in the agreement—a week's notice, or a week's money. Thus, for the space of five and twenty years, every now and then, did the Mysterious Lady turn up. Whenever we left home on a visit, we were sure, on our return, to find a card on the table, inscribed with the mystical characters—"Miss Jerningham." No message left, no address

given. The last time we ever saw her was in Hyde Park, walking arm in arm with her brother, the general; and soon after we heard from the worthy veteran that "Bessie had gone on her travels again."

If Miss Jerningham has really ceased to exist, her end was as mysterious and uncertain as the movements of her life. We say if, because we feel by no means sure on the subject, and should neither faint nor scream if she were to enter the apartment at this moment. It is about five years since General Jerningham set hurriedly off, in considerable dismay, for the scene of a direful conflagration in a northern county, wherein several unfortunate individuals had perished. The fire originated at a hotel, and the general had reasons for fearing that his sister might be among the number of the sufferers, for she was known to have followed that route. A notification likewise had appeared in the public prints, respecting an unknown lady, whose remains awaited the coroner's inquest, but afforded no clew whatever to recognition.

General Jerningham, however, came to the conclusion that he indeed beheld the mortal remains of his poor sister, although the only evidence he could obtain was the description given of her appearance by those who had seen her in life. He may have been

influenced, likewise, by the fact, that the unfortunate lady had arrived at the hotel only on the previous day, and that no one knew who she was, whence she had come, or whither she was going. After making every possible inquiry, but without obtaining more satisfactory information, the general and his family put on mourning. The shock he had sustained produced bad effects on an already enfeebled constitution, and accelerated the veteran's decease. During his last days, he frequently alluded to "poor Bessie" in affectionate terms; and we then gathered at least one fact relating to her past history. Her lover, it seems, had been suddenly carried off by malignant fever on the eve of their wedding day, bequeathing to Bessie all his property; and Bessie, who had never known serious sorrow before, gave no sign, by sigh or lamentation, that she bemoaned the untimely fate of her betrothed, but withdrew herself from friends and connections, and became the restless, homeless, harmless being at whose peculiarities we had so often laughed, little thinking that tears of secret anguish had probably bedewed the pathway of her early wanderings. This very concealment of her grief, however, may have arisen from the peculiar idiosyncrasy which procured for her, among all who knew her, the name of the Mysterious Lady. But we will not talk

of her in the past tense. We are so sure of her being alive, that we are even now anxious to conclude our visit to the pleasant house where this is indited, feeling a presentiment we cannot overcome, that the first interesting object we shall see on returning home is that mystical card which has so often startled and baffled our curiosity—"Miss Jer-ningham."

LINES.

Ask me not, with simple grace,
Pearls of thought to string for thee;
For upon thy smiling face
Perfect gems I see —
In thine eyes of beauty trace
Lights that fadeless be.

Bid me not from Memory's land
Cull fair flowers of rich perfume;
Love will show, with trembling hand,
Where far fairer bloom:
Clustering on thy cheek they stand,
Blushing deep — for whom?

Bid me not with Fancy's gale
Wake the music of a sigh;
From thy breath a sweeter tale,
Silver-winged, floats by;

Melodies that never fail,
Heard when thou art nigh!

Ask me not—yet, O, for thee
Dearer thoughts my bosom fill;
Dimmed with tears, I cannot see
To do thy gracious will:
Take, then, my prayer: In heaven may we
Behold thee lovelier still!

MARIE DE LA TOUR.

THE basement front of No. 12 Rue St. Antoine, a narrow street in Rouen, leading from the Place de la Pucelle, was opened by Madame De la Tour, in the millinery business, in 1817, and tastefully arranged, so far as scant materials permitted the exercise of decorative genius. She was the widow of a once flourishing *courtier maritime*, (ship broker,) who, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations, had recently died in insolvent circumstances. At about the same time, Clément Derville, her late husband's confidential clerk, a steady, persevering, clever person, took possession of the deceased ship broker's business premises on the quay, the precious savings of fifteen years of industrious frugality enabling him to install himself in the vacant commercial niche before the considerable connection attached to the well-known establishment was broken up and distributed amongst rival *courtiers*. Such vicissitudes, frequent in all trading communities, excite but a passing

interest; and after the customary commonplaces commiserative of the fallen fortunes of the still youthful widow, and gratulatory good wishes for the prosperity of the *ci-devant* clerk, the matter gradually faded from the minds of the sympathizers, save when the rapidly-rising fortunes of Derville, in contrast with the daily lowlier ones of Madame De la Tour, suggested some tritely sentimental reflection upon the precariousness and instability of all mundane things. For a time, it was surmised by some of the fair widow's friends, if not by herself, that the considerable services Derville had rendered her were prompted by a warmer feeling than the ostensible one of respect for the relict of his old and liberal employer; and there is no doubt that the gentle, graceful manners, the mild, starlit face of Madame De la Tour had made a deep impression upon Derville, although the hope or expectation founded thereon vanished with the passing time. Close, money-loving, business-absorbed as he might be, Clément Derville was a man of vehement impulse and extreme susceptibility of female charm—weaknesses over which he had again and again resolved to maintain vigilant control, as else fatal obstacles to his hopes of realizing a large competence, if not a handsome fortune. He succeeded in doing so; and as year after year

glided away, leaving him richer and richer, Madame De la Tour poorer and poorer, as well as less and less personally attractive, he grew to marvel that the bent form, the clouded eyes, the sorrow-sharpened features of the woman he occasionally met hastening along the streets could be those by which he had been once so powerfully agitated and impressed.

He did not, however, form any new attachment; was still a bachelor at forty-five; and had for some years almost lost sight of, and forgotten, Madame De la Tour, when a communication from Jeanne Favart, an old servant who had lived with the De la Tours in the days of their prosperity, vividly recalled old and fading memories. She announced that Madame De la Tour had been for many weeks confined to her bed by illness, and was, moreover, in great pecuniary distress.

"*Diantre!*" exclaimed Derville, a quicker and stronger pulse than usual tinging his sallow cheek as he spoke. "That is a pity. Who, then, has been minding the business for her?"

"Her daughter Marie, a gentle, pious child, who seldom goes out except to church, and," added Jeanne, with a keen look in her master's countenance, "the very image of the Madame De la Tour we knew some twenty years ago."

"Ha!" M. Derville was evidently disturbed, but not so much as to forget to ask, with some asperity, if "dinner was not ready."

"In five minutes," said Jeanné, but still holding the half-opened door in her hand. "They are very, very badly off, monsieur, those unfortunate De la Tours," she persisted. "A *huissier* this morning seized their furniture and trade stock for rent, and if the sum is not made up by sunset, they will be utterly ruined."

M. Clément Derville took several hasty turns about the room, and the audible play of his fingers amongst the Napoleons in his pockets inspired Jeanne with a hope that he was about to draw forth a sufficient number for the relief of the cruel necessities of her former mistress. She was mistaken. Perhaps the touch of his beloved gold stilled for a time the agitation that had momentarily stirred his heart.

"It is a pity," he murmured; and then briskly drawing out his watch, added sharply, "But pray let us have dinner. Do you know that it is full seven minutes past the time that it should be served?"

Jeanne disappeared, and M. Derville was very soon seated at table. But although the sad tidings he had just heard had not been able to effectually loosen his purse strings, they had at least power utterly to destroy

his appetite, albeit the *poulet* was done to a turn. Jeanne made no remark on this, as she removed the almost untasted meal, nor on the quite as unusual fact, that the wine *carafe* was already half emptied, and her master himself restless, dreamy, and preoccupied. Concluding, however, from these symptoms, that a fierce struggle between generosity and avarice was going on in M. Derville's breast, she quietly determined on bringing an auxiliary to the aid of generosity, that would, her woman's instinct taught her, at once decide the conflict.

No doubt the prosperous ship broker *was* unusually agitated. The old woman's news had touched a chord which, though dulled and slackened by the heat and dust of seventeen years of busy, anxious life, still vibrated strongly, and awakened memories that had long slept in the chambers of his brain, especially one pale Madonna face, with its soft, tear-trembling eyes, that — “*Ciel!*” he suddenly exclaimed, as the door opened and gave to view the very form his fancy had conjured up — “*Ciel!* can it be — Pshaw!” he added, as he fell back into the chair from which he had leaped up; “you must suppose me crazed, Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle De la Tour, I am quite certain.”

It was indeed Marie De la Tour, whom Jeanne

Favart had, with much difficulty, persuaded to make a personal appeal to M. Derville. She was a good deal agitated, and gladly accepted that gentleman's gestured invitation to be seated, and take a glass of wine. Her errand was briefly, yet touchingly told, but not apparently listened to by Derville, so abstracted and intense was the burning gaze with which he regarded the confused and blushing petitioner. Jeanne, however, knew whom he recognized in those flushed and interesting features, and had no doubt of the successful result of the application.

M. Clément Derville *had* heard and comprehended what was said, for he broke an embarrassing silence of some duration, by saying, in a pleased and respectful tone, "Twelve Napoleons, you say, mademoiselle. It is nothing: here are twenty. No thanks, I beg of you. I hope to have an opportunity of rendering you—of rendering Madame De la Tour, I mean—some real and lasting service."

Poor Marie was profoundly affected by this generosity, and the charming blushfulness, the sweet-toned, trembling words that expressed her modest gratitude, were, it should seem, strangely interpreted by the excited ship broker. The interview was not prolonged, and Marie De la Tour hastened with joy-lightened steps to her home.

Four days afterwards, M. Derville called at the Rue St. Antoine only to hear that Madame De la Tour had died a few hours previously. He seemed much shocked, and after a confused offer of further pecuniary assistance, respectfully declined by the weeping daughter, took a hurried leave.

There is no question that, from the moment of his first interview with her, M. Derville had conceived an ardent passion for Mademoiselle De la Tour; so ardent and bewildering as not only to blind him to the great disparity of age between himself and her,—which he might have thought the much greater disparity of fortune in his favor would balance and reconcile,—but to the very important fact, that Hector Bertrand, a young *menuisier*, (carpenter,) who had recently commenced business on his own account, and whom he so frequently met at the charming *modiste's* shop, was her accepted, affianced lover. An *éclaircissement*, accompanied by mortifying circumstances, was not, however, long delayed.

It occurred one fine evening in July. M. Derville, in passing through the *marché aux fleurs*, had selected a brilliant bouquet for presentation to Mademoiselle De la Tour; and never to him had she appeared more attractive, more fascinating, than when accepting, with hesitating, blushing reluctance, the proffered

flowers. She stepped with them into the little sitting room behind the shop; M. Derville followed; and the last remnant of discretion and common sense that had hitherto restrained him giving way at once, he burst out with a vehement declaration of the passion which was, he said, consuming him, accompanied, of course, by the offer of his hand and fortune in marriage. Marie De la Tour's first impulse was to laugh in the face of a man who, old enough to be her father, addressed her in such terms; but one glance at the pale face and burning eyes of the speaker convinced her that levity would be ill-timed—possibly dangerous. Even the few civil and serious words of discouragement and refusal with which she replied to his ardent protestations were oil cast upon flame. He threw himself at the young girl's feet, and clasped her knees in passionate entreaty, at the very moment that Hector Bertrand, with one De Beaune, entered the room. Marie De la Tour's exclamation of alarm, and effort to disengage her dress from Derville's grasp, in order to interpose between him and the new comers, were simultaneous with several heavy blows from Bertrand's cane across the shoulders of the kneeling man, who instantly leaped to his feet, and sprang upon his assailant with the yell and spring of a madman. Fortunately for Bertrand, who was

no match in personal strength for the man he had assaulted, his friend De Beaune promptly took part in the encounter; and after a desperate scuffle, during which Mademoiselle De la Tour's remonstrances and entreaties were unheard or disregarded, M. Derville was thrust, with inexcusable violence, into the street.

According to Jeanne Favart, her master reached home with his face all bloody and discolored, his clothes nearly torn from his back, and in a state of frenzied excitement. He rushed past her up stairs, shut himself into his bed room, and there remained unseen by any one for several days, partially opening the door only to receive food and other necessaries from her hands. When he did at last leave his room, the impassive calmness of manner habitual to him was quite restored, and he wrote a note in answer to one that had been sent by Mademoiselle De la Tour expressive of her extreme regret for what had occurred, and enclosing a very respectful apology from Hector Bertrand. M. Derville said that he was grateful for her sympathy and kind wishes; and as to M. Bertrand, he frankly accepted his excuses, and should think no more of the matter.

This mask of philosophic indifference or resignation was not so carefully worn but that it slipped occasionally aside, and revealed glimpses of the vol-

canic passion that raged beneath. Jeanne was not for a moment deceived ; and Marie De la Tour, the first time she again saw him, perceived, with woman's intuitive quickness, through all his assumed frigidity of speech and demeanor, that his sentiments towards her, so far from being subdued by the mortifying repulse they had met with, were more vehemently passionate than ever. He was a man, she felt, to be feared and shunned ; and very earnestly did she warn Bertrand to avoid meeting, or, at all events, all possible chance of collision with, his exasperated, and, she was sure, merciless and vindictive rival.

Bertrand said he would do so ; and he kept his promise as long as there was no temptation to break it. About six weeks after his encounter with M. Derville, he obtained a considerable contract for the carpentry work of a large house belonging to a M. Mangier—a fantastic, Gothic-looking place, as persons acquainted with Rouen will remember, next door but one to Blaise's banking house. Bertrand had but little capital, and he was terribly puzzled for means to purchase the requisite materials, of which the principal item was Baltic timber. He essayed his credit with a person of the name of Dufour, on the quay, and was refused. Two hours afterwards, he again sought the merchant, for the purpose of proposing his

friend De Beaune as security. Dufour and Derville were talking together in front of the office; and when they separated on Bertrand's approach, the young man fancied that Derville saluted him with unusual friendliness. De Beaune's security was declined by the cautious trader; and as Bertrand was leaving, Dufour said, half jestingly, no doubt, "Why don't you apply to your friend Derville? He has timber on commission that will suit you, I know; and he seemed very friendly just now." Bertrand made no reply, and walked off, thinking, probably, that he might as well ask the statue of the "Pucelle" for assistance as M. Derville. He was, naturally enough, exceedingly put out and vexed, and unhappily betook himself to a neighboring tavern for "spirituous" solacement—a very rare thing, let me add, for him to do. He remained there till about eight o'clock, and by that time was in such a state of confused elation from the unusual potations he had imbibed, that Dufour's suggestion assumed a sort of drunken likelihood; and he resolved on applying—there could not, he thought, be any wonderful harm, if no good, in that—to the ship broker. M. Derville was not at home, and the office was closed; but Jeanne Favart, understanding Bertrand to say that he had important business to transact with her master,—she supposed

by appointment,—showed him into M. Derville's private business rooms, and left him there. Bertrand seated himself, fell asleep after a while, woke up about ten o'clock considerably sobered, and quite alive to the absurd impropriety of the application he had tipsily determined on, and was about to leave the place, when M. Derville arrived. The ship broker's surprise and anger at finding Hector Bertrand in his house were extreme, and his only reply to the intruder's stammering explanation was a contemptuous order to leave the place immediately. Bertrand slunk away sheepishly enough, and, slowly as he sauntered along, had nearly reached home when M. Derville overtook him.

"One word, Monsieur Bertrand," said Derville. "This way, if you please."

Bertrand, greatly surprised, followed the ship broker to a lane close by—a dark, solitary locality, which suggested an unpleasant misgiving, very pleasantly relieved by Derville's first words.

"Monsieur Bertrand," he said, "I was hasty and ill tempered just now; but I am not a man to cherish malice, and for the sake of—of Marie—of Mademoiselle De la Tour, I am disposed to assist you, although I should not, as you will easily understand, like to have any public or known dealings with you.

Seven or eight hundred francs, I understood you to say, the timber you required would amount to."

"Certainly not more than that, monsieur," Bertrand contrived to answer, taken away as his breath nearly was by astonishment.

"Here, then, is a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs."

"Monsieur! — Monsieur!" gasped the astounded recipient.

"You will repay me," continued Derville, "when your contract is completed; and you will please to bear strictly in mind, that the condition of any future favor of a like kind is, that you keep this one scrupulously secret." He then hurried off, leaving Bertrand in a state of utter amazement. This feeling, however, slowly subsided, especially after assuring himself, by the aid of his chamber lamp, that the note was a genuine one, and not, as he had half feared, a valueless deception. "This Monsieur Derville," drowsily murmured Bertrand, as he ensconced himself in the bedclothes, "is a *bon enfant*, after all — a generous, magnanimous prince, if ever there was one. But then, to be sure, he wishes to do Marie a service by secretly assisting her *futur* on in life. *Sa-pristie!* It is quite simple, after all, this generosity; for undoubtedly Marie is the most charming — charm — cha —"

Hector Bertrand went to Dufour's timber yard at about noon the next day, selected what he required, and pompously tendered the thousand franc note in payment. "Whe-e-e-w!" whistled Dufour, "the deuse!" at the same time looking with keen scrutiny in his customer's face.

"I received it from Monsieur Mangier in advance," said Hector, in hasty reply to that look, blurting out, in some degree inadvertently, the assertion which he had been thinking would be the most feasible solution of his sudden riches, since he had been so peremptorily forbidden to mention M. Derville's name.

"It is very generous of Monsieur Mangier," said Dufour; "and he is not famous for that virtue either. But let us go to Blaise's bank: I have not sufficient change in the house, and I dare say we shall get silver for it there."

As often happens in France, a daughter of the banker was the cashier of the establishment; and it was with an accent of womanly commiseration that she said, after minutely examining the note, "From whom, Monsieur Bertrand, did you obtain possession of this note?"

Bertrand hesitated. A vague feeling of alarm was beating at his heart, and he confusedly bethought him, that it might be better not to repeat the falsehood he

had told M. Dufour. Before, however, he could decide what to say, Dufour answered for him: "He says from Monsieur Mangier, just by."

"Strange!" said Mademoiselle Blaise. "A clerk of Monsieur Derville's has been taken into custody this very morning, on suspicion of having stolen this very note."

Poor Bertrand! He felt as if seized with vertigo; and a stunned, chaotic sense of mortal peril shot through his brain, as Marie's solemn warning with respect to Derville rose up like a spectre before him.

"I have heard of that circumstance," said Dufour. And then, as Bertrand did not or could not speak, he added, "You had better, perhaps, mademoiselle, send for Monsieur Derville."

This proposition elicited a wild, desperate cry from the bewildered young man, who rushed distractedly out of the banking house, and hastened with frantic speed towards the Rue St Antoine—for the moment unpursued.

Half an hour afterwards, Dufour and a bank clerk arrived at Mademoiselle De la Tour's. They found Bertrand and Marie together, and both in a state of high nervous excitement. "Monsieur Derville," said the clerk, "is now at the bank; and Monsieur Blaise requests your presence there, so that whatever mis-

apprehension exists may be cleared up without the intervention of the agents of the public force."

"And pray, monsieur," said Marie, in a much firmer tone than, from her pale aspect, one would have expected, "what does Monsieur Derville himself say of this strange affair?"

"That the note in question, mademoiselle, must have been stolen from his desk last evening. He was absent from home from half past seven till ten, and unfortunately left the key in the lock."

"I was sure he would say so," gasped Bertrand. "He is a demon, and I am lost."

A bright, almost disdainful expression shone in Marie's fine eyes. "Go with these gentlemen, Hector," she said; "I will follow almost immediately; and remember ——" What else she said was delivered in a quick, low whisper; and the only words she permitted to be heard were, "*Pas un mot, si tu m'aime,*" (Not a word, if thou lovest me.)

Bertrand found Messieurs Derville, Blaise, and Mangier in a private room; and he remarked, with a nervous shudder, that two gendarmes were stationed in the passage. Derville, though very pale, sustained Bertrand's glance of rage and astonishment without flinching. It was plain that he had steeled himself to carry through the diabolical device his revenge

had planned, and the fluttering hope with which Marie had inspired Bertrand died within him. Derville repeated slowly and firmly what the clerk had previously stated; adding that no one save Bertrand, Jeanne Favart, and the clerk whom he first suspected, had been in the room after he left it. The note now produced was the one that had been stolen, and was safe in his desk at half past seven the previous evening. M. Mangier said, "The assertion of Bertrand, that I advanced him this note, or any other, is entirely false."

"What have you to say in reply to these grave suspicions?" said M. Blaise. "Your father was an honest man; and you, I hear, have hitherto borne an irreproachable character," he added, on finding that the accused did not speak. "Explain to us, then, how you came into possession of this note; if you do not, and satisfactorily,—though, after what we have heard, that seems scarcely possible,—we have no alternative but to give you into custody."

"I have nothing to say at present—nothing," muttered Bertrand, whose impatient, furtive looks were every instant turned towards the door.

"Nothing to say!" exclaimed the banker; "why, this is a tacit admission of guilt. We had better call in the gendarmes at once."

"I think," said Dufour, "the young man's refusal to speak is owing to the entreaties of Mademoiselle De la Tour, whom we overheard implore him, for her sake, or as he loved her, not to say a word."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Derville, with quick interrogation; "for the sake of Mademoiselle De la Tour! Bah! you could not have heard aright."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the clerk who had accompanied Dufour; "I also distinctly heard her so express herself. But here is the lady herself."

The entrance of Marie, accompanied by Jeanne Favart, greatly surprised and startled M. Derville; he glanced sharply in her face, but unable to encounter the indignant expression he met there, quickly averted his look, whilst a hot flush glowed perceptibly out of his pale features. At her request, seconded by M. Blaise, Derville repeated his previous story; but his voice had lost its firmness, his manner its cold impassibility.

"I wish Monsieur Derville would look me in the face," said Marie, when Derville had ceased speaking. "I am here as a suppliant to him for mercy."

"A suppliant for mercy!" murmured Derville, partially confronting her.

"Yes; if only for the sake of the orphan daughter of the Monsieur De la Tour who first helped you

on in life, and for whom you not long since professed regard."

Derville seemed to recover his firmness at these words. "No," he said; "not even for your sake, Marie, will I consent to the escape of such a daring criminal from justice."

"If that be your final resolve, monsieur," continued Marie, with kindling, impressive earnestness, "it becomes necessary that, at whatever sacrifice, the true criminal—whom assuredly Hector Bertrand is not—should be denounced."

Various exclamations of surprise and interest greeted these words, and the agitation of Derville was again plainly visible.

"You have been surprised, messieurs," she went on, "at Hector's refusal to afford any explanation as to how he became possessed of the purloined note. You will presently comprehend the generous motive of that silence. Monsieur Derville has said, that he left the note safe in his desk at half past seven last evening. Hector, it is recognized, did not enter the house till nearly an hour afterwards; and now, Jeanne Favart will inform you *who* it was that called on her in the interim, and remained in the room where the desk was placed for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and part of that time alone."

As the young girl spoke, Derville's dilated gaze rested with fascinated intensity upon her excited countenance, and he hardly seemed to breathe.

"It was you, mademoiselle," said Jeanne, "who called on me, and remained as you describe."

A fierce exclamation partially escaped Derville, forcibly suppressed as Marie resumed: "Yes; and now, messieurs, hear me solemnly declare, that as truly as the note was stolen, *I*, not Hector, was the thief."

"'Tis false!" shrieked Derville, surprised out of all self-possession; "a lie! It was not then the note was taken; not till — not till ——"

"Not till when, Monsieur Derville?" said the excited girl, stepping close to the shrinking, guilty man, and still holding him with her flashing, triumphant eyes, as she placed her hand upon his shoulder; "not till *when* was the note taken from the desk, monsieur?"

He did not, could not reply, and presently sank, utterly subdued, nerveless, panic-stricken, into a chair, with his white face buried in his hands.

"This is indeed a painful affair," said M. Blaise, after an expectant silence of some minutes, "if it be as this young person appeared to admit; and almost equally so, Monsieur Derville, if, as I more than

suspect, the conclusion indicated by the expression that has escaped you should be the true one."

The banker's voice appeared to break the spell that enchained the faculties of Derville. He rose up, encountered the stern looks of the men by one as fierce as theirs, and said hoarsely, "I withdraw the accusation! The young woman's story is a fabrication. I—I lent, gave the fellow the note myself."

A storm of execration—"Coquin! voleur! scélérat!" burst forth at this confession, received by Derville with a defiant scowl, as he stalked out of the apartment.

I do not know that any law proceedings were afterwards taken against him for defamation of character. Hector kept the note, as indeed he had a good right to do, and Monsieur and Madame Bertrand are still prosperous and respected inhabitants of Rouen, from which city Derville disappeared very soon after the incidents just related.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT! A word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning
We hear in maddening music roll
That lost "good night" along the soul.

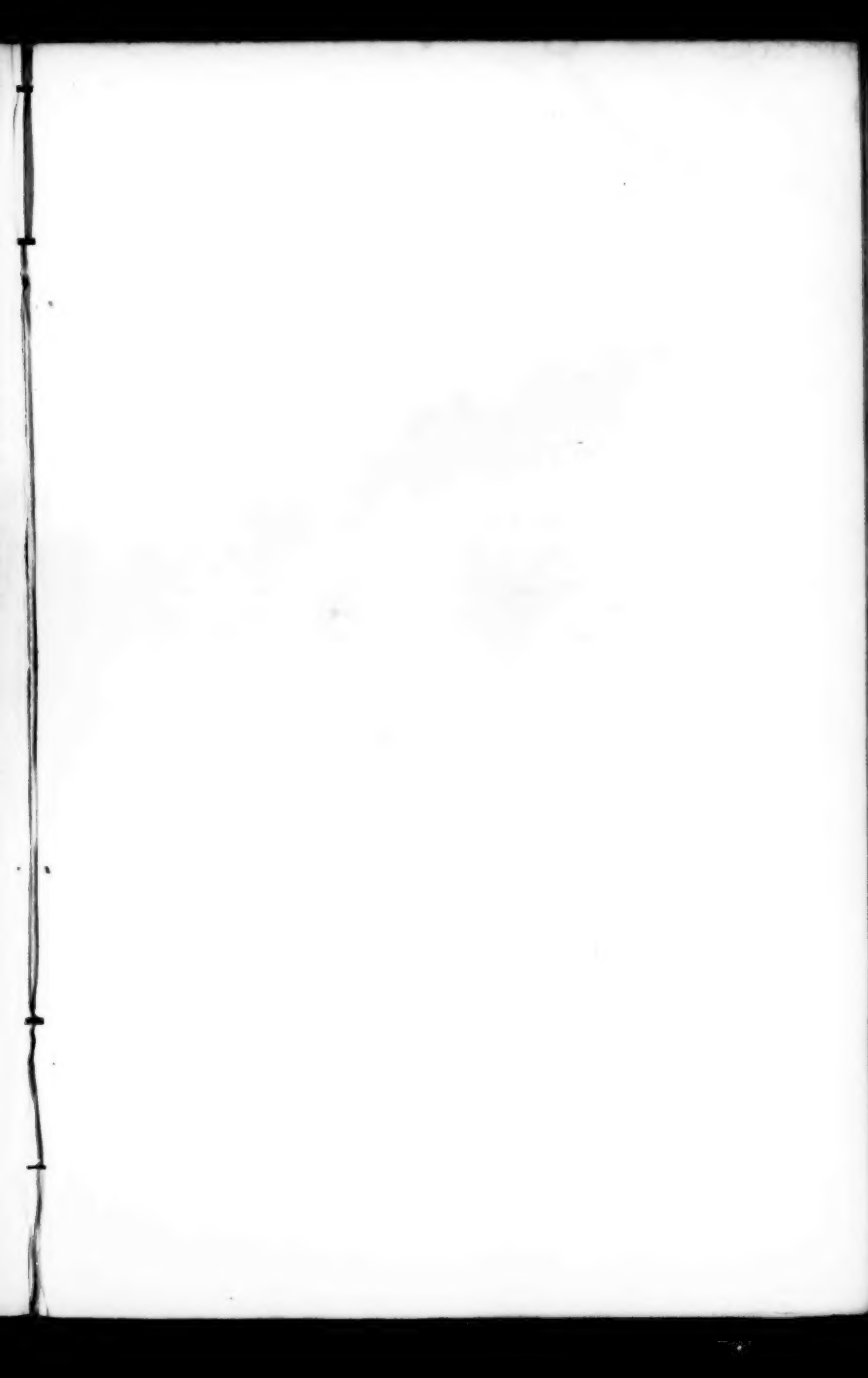
"Good night"—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near,
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!—
That ne'er shall breathe "good night" again.

Good night! it mocks us from the grave—
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence there flows no backward wave—
It calls from out the ground,

On every side, around, above,
"Good night," "good night," to life and love!

Good night! O, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
O, rather say, dull brain, once more,
"Good night!"—thy time of toil is o'er!

Good night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good night!—O, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain.
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no "good night"?





St. Elizabeth, 1604

St. Elizabeth, 1604

St. Elizabeth, 1604

St. Elizabeth, 1604

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

THE village of Westbourne was what would be called a stylish place, though situated deep in the heart of Derbyshire. Most of its houses had green palings and flowers in front; there was a circulating library, a milliner's shop, and a ladies' boarding school within its bounds; and from each extremity of its larger and smaller street—for Westbourne had only two—outlying cottages of various names dotted the surrounding fields. The largest of these, and decidedly the handsomest, belonged, as the door plate set forth, to Mr. Harry Phipps Bunting. It had been called *Bunting Cottage* ever since the late possessor—after having made what his neighbors esteemed a fortune, by himself keeping the circulating library, and his spouse the boarding school—built it by way of consolation for the second year of his widowhood, and retired there from business to hold high gentility in his latter days with his only daughter and heiress, Miss Jenny. At least half of Westbourne

believed that in the said arrangements Mr. Bunting had his eye on a second and somewhat superior match; in short, those good people averred that the handsome cottage was neither more nor less than a substantial snare for Mrs. Phipps, the widow of a captain and second cousin of a baronet, who, with a small annuity and an only son, lived in the odor of great rank and fashion in a neat brick house at the other end of the village.

But if Mr. Bunting had indeed indulged in speculations on the widow's heart, they were cut short by a sudden summons to take the journey on which his early partner had preceded him; and Miss Jenny was left the undisputed heiress of all his gains and gatherings, now amounting to a comfortable sum in a London bank, besides the newly-built cottage. None of the village remembered the time when Miss Jenny was young—not but that there were older ladies in the community, and few who wore their years so well; but a matronly staidness and industry, a solidity of manner and appearance, had grown so early on the lady, that she had no youth, and scarcely any childhood, in the recollection of her neighbors, and she was now on the shady side of thirty.

Miss Jenny might have had suitors, had her encouragement been more liberal: where is the maiden

of fortune who might not? But she had no admirers, though there was not a more popular woman in Westbourne. Time out of mind she was known to have a good advice and a helping hand for all who required either. The help was always kindly given, and the advice generally judicious: indeed, if Miss Jenny had a weakness, it was the love of direction and counsel-giving; and by that breach the strong citadel of her heart was won. There was no house in Westbourne that gave her abilities half such scope as that of Mrs. Captain Phipps—so the lady continued to style herself. Miss Jenny's father had advised there till he departed; after which event, the widow and her son confided in his heiress. Master Harry Phipps was not what would be called a successful young man. He was not either wild or remarkably stupid, as the world goes; his mother knew him to be a dear domestic fellow, who would play the flute or dominoes for weeks of evenings in her back parlor. He had taken one prize at college and sundry at school; had the reputation of being almost a beau, and, at least, in Westbourne society, half a wit; and was a tall, fair-faced, lathy young man, dressing well, and looking rather genteel, in spite of an overgrown boyishness which hung about him and kept the Master fastened to his name,

though he had left twenty-five behind him. Master Harry had made attempts on law, physic, and divinity, without completing the studies requisite for any of those learned professions; somehow he had always got disgusted when just half way, and at the time of our tale, had a serious notion of civil engineering. The Fates, nevertheless, chalked out another line for Master Harry Phipps. How it first came about, the keenest-eared gossips in Westbourne never knew, but the widow's son was observed to become a frequent visitor at the cottage as the days of Miss Jenny's mourning for her father expired. In these expeditions he was occasionally supported by Mrs. Captain Phipps, who at length told her confidential friends, and they informed the village, that her son was about to marry and take the name of Bunting. Some said that Miss Jenny insisted on the latter step as a badge of her perpetual sovereignty; some that it was a provision in her father's will, the old gentleman having been heard to hope that none but Buntings would ever inhabit the cottage; but while they disputed that point, the wedding came off, with a liberal distribution of cards, cake, and gloves, a breakfast, at which Mrs. Captain Phipps presided, and an excursion of three weeks to the lakes; after which Mr. and Mrs. Phipps Bunting, having got a new door plate, and

an additional crest on the spoons, settled down comfortably at home, where our story found them.

There they were duly visited, and made due returns, even to their uttermost acquaintance. Evening parties were got up for their benefit, as Westbourne gentility dictated. A few responses were given at the cottage, and people learned to call them the Buntings. When these occurrences and the talk concerning them were fairly over, it was surprising how little things had altered. Mrs. Phipps Bunting superintended every thing, from the napery in the drawers to the beehives in the garden, with so much of her old and independent activity, that people caught themselves occasionally calling her Miss Jenny. As for her lord, he was Master Harry still. Matrimony made no change in him. On Sundays he dressed himself and went to church with Mrs. Phipps Bunting. On week days he said he studied, paid little visits, took small excursions, and came home to dinner. Even bachelors agreed that he lived under the mildest form of gynecocracy. Mrs. Captain Phipps gave him good advices at the one end of the village, Mrs. Phipps Bunting kept him all right at the other; and between them an indescribable amount of nobodyism grew and gathered around him.

Mr. Phipps Bunting—as the best bred of his neigh-

bors now endeavored to call him—was doubtless not less contented than most men in the married state. Miss Jenny—that was—made a noble housekeeper; that was natural to her; she was not given to storms, nor temper, nor fault finding, nor what is called gayety: they had kind country neighbors; and Mrs. Phipps Bunting sometimes spoke of her mother's relatives, who were known to be fine people in London.

There was no appearance of change when the second of their wedded years commenced; but one December morning an extraordinary event occurred at the cottage, for Harry received a letter. It came from Charles Lacy, an old college friend, whose achievements in the fast line had furnished him with many a joke and tale. He had been till lately a briefless barrister, but had just fallen heir to a neat property in an adjoining county, bequeathed him by a distant relative, his advent to which he intended celebrating with a notable bachelors' party, and Harry's presence was requested, together with that of many a college comrade.

"I think I'll go," said Harry, in a hesitating tone, as the note was read at the breakfast table.

"Of course you will, dear," said Mrs. Bunting. "And now that I think of it, something must be done

with that parlor chimney, it smokes so. Just send up the mason on your way to the coach."

The vehicle thus mentioned was an old stager which passed through Westbourne daily, carrying passengers to sundry of the unrailwayed towns on its track; and within two hours from the receipt of the invitation, Mr. Phipps Bunting, well wrapped up, and better warned against taking cold, with his best things in a carpet bag, and his lady's commands delivered to the mason, took possession of an inside seat on his way to Charles Lacy's domicile.

How the bachelors' party proceeded in that locality, and how the failings of the parlor chimney were corrected at the cottage, imaginative readers may suppose; but on the third day after Harry's departure there arrived a note, stating that his host had invited him to remain for a fortnight; that they were to have shooting in the fine frosty weather, and he thought he might stay. Mrs. Phipps Bunting sent her approbation by return of post. There was a colony of rats to be expatriated, a clearing out of the coal cellar to be achieved, and a bottling of cider to get forward, under which considerations she concluded he was better out of the way; but all these things were accomplished, and more than the specified time elapsed, when another note came to say that Lacy

positively would not let Harry home without seeing his uncle, the great barrister, who lived in the nearest assize town; and the legal protector of Miss Jenny "thought he might go on that visit."

There was a graver and more lengthy reply to that communication; but the Fates forbade that Harry should read Mrs. Bunting's in time. Charles Lacy's housekeeper had a standing order to put all letters into a huge card bracket, which that young gentleman affirmed had been presented to him by an heiress of twenty thousand pounds in her own right, and Mrs. Bunting's epistle was placed in the receptacle; for before its arrival Harry had, like an undutiful husband, started with Charles for the house of his uncle. The old barrister, though not one of the brightest, was among the successful of his profession, and kept a hospitable, easy-going house, with a maiden sister and two dashing nephews, in a comfortable English country town, at one end of which was a railway station for the coming and going of London trains. Our Harry had been always an agreeable, commodious fellow. There were no angles on his temper to come in contact with those of other people: rich uncle, maiden aunt, and sporting nephews, all joined in requesting his stay from week to week; while three successive notes were in turn

committed to the card bracket on Charles Lacy's mantel-piece.

"Harry, my boy," said that gay gentleman, as they stood looking at a passing train, "what do you say to a run for London? I have another uncle there—a first-rate solicitor, in the firm of Grindley, Blackmore, & Co. Ours is a legal family. Grindley and the old hen would be glad to see us; and I'll introduce you to the Blackmores, a delightful mother and four daughters; all charming girls, with three thousand apiece. I wish you could only hear Clementina Blackmore sing "*Will you still be true to me?*" Harry, if ever I am so left to myself as to think of marrying, that's the girl!"

Let us now suppose that a quantity of additional pressing took place; that the nephews offered to go along, as Christmas was coming; that Harry sent home another note to say "he thought he might go;" and that, long before it reached the cottage, he was installed at the house of Mr. Grindley in London, who, as his nephew premised, divided a capital legal business with his partner Mr. Blackmore.

The proverb which says, "Out of sight out of mind," was by this time in course of being fulfilled as regarded the good woman at the cottage. In the revival of old associations, his college friend partially

forgot that Harry was a family man, and the easy gentleman himself never thought of intruding the circumstance on people's notice. To do him justice, he had a remarkably single look; all his acquaintances called him Harry Phipps. It was therefore no marvel that the unsuspecting household of Blackmore received him as a bachelor.

The papa of it was a hard-witted, busy lawyer; the mamma an excessively fine lady; and the four daughters pretty, accomplished, fashionable-looking girls, from twenty-two—their mamma said seventeen—upwards, who judiciously came out in different lines; for Miss Blackmore was metaphysical, Miss Caroline sentimental, Miss Maria fast, and Miss Clementina musical. Between the last-mentioned and Charles Lacy a strong and not discouraged flirtation was in progress, which afforded Harry better than ordinary opportunities for cultivating that domestic circle. It was not every day he would have such a house to call at, and Harry did his best to be popular. He hunted up high-life gossip for Mrs. Blackmore; he admired the solicitor's law stories after dinner; he was the humble servant of all the young ladies in turn, but his chief devoirs were paid to the fast Maria. The reason was, that the fast Maria would have it so. She thought him, it is true,—as she

said once to a confidential friend,—a sort of goosey-goosey-gander, but he polked capitally, was a personable fellow—and Maria was a spinster. Christmas was coming, and Harry stood high in favor with all the Blackmores. The senior miss found out that he had a philosophic mind; Miss Caroline said she knew there was a little romance about him—he had been disappointed in first love or something; and Charles Lacy had an intuitive suspicion that the old people would soon begin to inquire regarding his income and prospects. The idea was excessively amusing, but yet somewhat alarming. He thought Harry was carrying it on too far—he was. Hadn't he better give Clementina a hint? But then Clementina would think he ought to have done so long ago. Charles was puzzled, and he did not like to be puzzled. He would have nothing more to do with it. He would wash his hands of it. How was he obliged to know that they were not aware of Harry's being tied up? The whole thing was really uncomfortable, and he did not like any thing that was uncomfortable. He would take Harry to task for his enormity, and then think no more about it. Meditating thus, he entered Mrs. Blackmore's drawing room one forenoon early enough to find mamma and the young ladies hard at Berlin wool; they were finishing Christmas presents—all

but Maria, for whose amusement Harry was turning over a volume of sporting prints at a little table by themselves.

"We are all industrious to-day," said Mrs. Blackmore, "on account of our country cousin—a dear odd creature. She has sent us hampers and baskets full of every thing nice, for I don't know how long. The girls can scarcely remember when she was here last, and it would be such a comfort to her to have some of their work. Do, Maria, try and finish that purse."

Charles and Harry had heard of that "dear odd country cousin" ever since they first entered the house. The turkeys and chickens she sent had been described in their hearing till they thought they had eaten them. From the conversation of her relatives Harry concluded her to be a spinster or widow of an uninteresting age. However, the threatened arrival created a new employment for him, in the shape of holding purse silk for Miss Maria to wind; and owing perhaps to the quietness of this employment,—perhaps to its occupying so long a time,—the awkwardness of his position began to stare him in the face. He began to think he was a bad fellow—although it was all Charles's fault. He did not know that Miss Maria thought him a goosey-goosey-gander, but he began at last to hate her all the same—we are so

liable to hate those we are conscious of injuring! He became in truth afraid of her—she haunted him. He knew he ought to do something, but he did not know what to do. He had all his life acted under advice, and he now felt as if he had broken from his moorings, and was on the wide, wide sea, drifting at the mercy of this calamity.

At the moment we have arrived at, things had come to an alarming climax. In reply to his bewildered look, Charles had turned away with severity—washing his hands of it—to join Miss Clementina in the corner; and the rest of the family, who seemed suddenly to find themselves *de trop*, scattered away to other parts of the room. Now, Miss Maria was a fast girl, and Harry knew it. She looked wicked, as if determined upon a *coup d'état*; and he began to perspire all over. The skein fared badly. At this moment some slight diversion was made in his favor by a servant appearing with a message regarding somebody in the back parlor; whereupon Mrs. Blackmore went hastily down stairs; and Harry's eyes followed her wistfully: he thought he should like to get out.

"O girls," said Caroline, returning in a few minutes, "it is poor cozy, and mamma is bringing her up for us all to comfort her. She has lost I don't

know how much money by the failure of that horrid Skinner's bank; and what's worse, she can't find her husband."

"He ought to be sent home, wherever he is," replied Maria; "I'm sure she was just too good to him. O, Mr. Harry Phipps, what a sad set you men are! I declare you are ravelling again."

Harry, coloring to the roots of the hair, bent forward to plead some unintelligible excuse; the fast Maria took hold of his finger as if she was cross; and at that instant another finger was pressed upon his shoulder, and looking up, he gazed into the eyes of his wife.

For some seconds Harry and his spouse looked at each other as if unable to believe their eyes; but the lady's good sense at last prevailed, and gulping down something which would have come out with most women, she gently shook her husband's hand, now liberated from the purse silk, with, "Harry, love, I am so glad to find you here. I was really afraid that worse had happened than the failure of Skinner & Co."

Harry replied in rather an indistinct tone, though Charles Lacy ever after vowed he did wonderfully, considering the looks of Mrs. Blackmore and her daughters. As for Maria, she retired from silk and all, without a word about deceivers, which was also

remarkable. Sense in the person of Mrs. Bunting for once appeared contagious. The Blackmores, one and all, tacitly agreed that there had been no mistake whatever in the family, beyond the droll particular of their not recognizing in a gentleman introduced to them as Mr. Harry Phipps the husband of a lady whom they had been accustomed to address as Mrs. Bunting. By the failure of Skinner & Co. poor Mrs. Bunting had lost every thing but the cottage and furniture at Westbourne—a fact which she learned only on her arrival in London to pay a long-projected visit to her mother's relatives, the Blackmores.

The Buntings in due time went home. We have reason to believe that there was never even a curtain lecture delivered on the subject of the purse silk. When we last visited Westbourne, Mrs. Phipps Bunting was as active, as good natured, and as popular as ever; but people had forgotten to say Master Harry, for Henry Phipps Bunting, Esquire, had been appointed her majesty's stamp distributor for the district. He was also invested with a couple of agencies for certain absent proprietors; but he never again "thought he might go" on sporting excursions; and no family could have imagined him to be a bachelor, for ever since he set fairly to work, a more married-like man we never saw.

A SONG.

THE little white moon goes circling

Over the dusky cloud,

Kissing its fringes softly,

With a love light, pale as shroud.

Where walks this moon to-night, Annie?

Over the waters bright, Annie?

Does she smile on your face as you lift it, proud?

God look on thee—look on thee, Annie!

For I shall look nevermore!

The little white star stands watching

Ever beside the moon;

Hid in the mists that shroud her,

And hid in her light's mid noon;

Yet the star follows all heaven through, Annie,

As my soul follows after you, Annie,

At moonrise and moonset, late and soon:

O, God watch thee, God watch thee, Annie,

For I can watch nevermore!

The purple-black sky folds loving,
Over far sea, far land;
The thunder clouds, looming eastward,
Like a chain of mountains stand.
Under this July sky, Annie,
Do you hear waves lapping by, Annie?
Do you walk, with the hills on either hand?
O, God love thee, God love thee, Annie,
For I love thee evermore!

THE BETROTHAL.

FRANCES SEYMOUR had been left an orphan and an heiress very early in life. Her mother had died in giving birth to a second child, which did not survive its parent, so that Frances had neither brother nor sister; and her father, an officer of rank and merit, was killed at Waterloo. When this sad news reached England, the child was spending her vacation with Mrs. Wentworth, a sister of Mrs. Seymour; and henceforth this lady's house became her home, partly because there was no other relative to claim her, and partly because amongst Colonel Seymour's papers a letter was found addressed to Mrs. Wentworth, requesting that, if he fell in the impending conflict, she would take charge of his daughter. In making this request, it is probable that Colonel Seymour was more influenced by necessity than choice; Mrs. Wentworth being a gay woman of the world, who was not likely to bestow much thought or care upon her niece, whom she received under her roof

without unwillingness, but without affection. Had Frances been poor, she would have felt her a burden ; but as she was rich, there was some *éclat*, and no inconvenience, in undertaking the office of her guardian and chaperone — the rather as she had no daughters of her own with whom Frances's beauty or wealth could interfere ; for as the young heiress grew into womanhood, the charms of her person were quite remarkable enough to have excited the jealousy of her cousins, if she had had any, or to make her own fortune, if she had not possessed one already. She was, moreover, extremely accomplished, good tempered, cheerful, and altogether what is called a very nice girl ; but of course she had her fault, like other people ; she was too fond of admiration—a fault that had been very much encouraged at the school where she had been educated ; beauty and wealth, especially when combined, being generally extremely popular at such establishments. As long, however, as her admirers were only romantic schoolfellows and calculating schoolmistresses, there was not much harm done ; but the period now approached in which there would be more scope for the exercise of this passion, and more danger in its indulgence. Frances had reached the age of seventeen, and was about to make her *début* in the world of fashion—an event to which,

certain as she was of making numerous conquests, she looked forward with great delight.

Whilst engaged in preparations for these anticipated triumphs, Mrs. Wentworth said to her one day, "Now that you are coming out, Frances, I think it is my duty to communicate to you a wish of your father's, expressed in the letter that was found after his death. It is a wish regarding your choice of a husband."

"Dear me, aunt, how very odd!" exclaimed Frances.

"It is rather odd," returned Mrs. Wentworth; "and, to be candid, I don't think it is very wise; for schemes of this sort seldom or never turn out well."

"Scheme! What scheme is it?" asked Frances, with no little curiosity.

"Why, you must know," answered her aunt, "that your father had a very intimate friend, to whom he was as much attached all his life as if he had been his brother."

"You mean Sir Richard Elliott. I remember seeing him and his son at Otterby, when I was a little girl; and I often heard papa speak of him afterwards."

"Well, when young Elliott got his commission, your papa, in compliance with Sir Richard's request, used

his interest to have him appointed to his own regiment, in order that he might keep him under his eye. By this means, he became intimately acquainted with the young man's character, and, I suppose, as much attached to him as to his father."

"And the scheme is, that I should marry him, I suppose."

"Provided you are both so disposed; not otherwise. There is to be no compulsion in the case."

"It is a scheme that will never be realized," said Frances; "for, of all things, I should dislike a marriage that had been planned in that way. The very idea of standing in such an awkward relation to a man would make me hate him."

"That's why I think all such schemes better let alone," returned Mrs. Wentworth; "but as your father desires that I will put you in possession of his wishes before you go into the world, I have no choice but to do it."

"It does not appear, however, that this Mr. Elliott is very anxious about the matter, since he has never taken the trouble of coming to see me. Perhaps he does not know of the scheme."

"O, yes, he does; but, in the first place, he is abroad with his regiment; and, in the second, he abstains upon principle from seeking to make your acquaint-

ance. So Sir Richard told me, when I met him last year at Lady Grantley's *fête*. He said that his son's heart was yet perfectly free, but that he did not think it right to throw himself in your way, or endeavor to engage your affections, till you had had an opportunity of seeing something of the world. The old gentleman had a great desire to see you himself; and he would have called, but he was only passing through London on his way to some German baths, and he was to start the next morning."

"And what sort of a person is this Mr. Elliott?"

"I really don't know, except that his father praised him to the skies. He's Major Elliott now, and must be about eight and twenty."

"And is he the eldest son?"

"He's the eldest son, and will be Sir Henry—I think that's his name—by and by. But he's not rich; quite the contrary; he's very poor for a baronet; and I incline to think that is one of the reasons that influenced your father. Being so fond of the Elliots, he wished to repair, in some degree, the dilapidation of their fortunes by yours."

"So that I shall have the agreeable consciousness of being married purely for my money. I am afraid poor dear papa's scheme will fail; and I wish, aunt, you had never told me of it."

"That was not left to my discretion; if it had been, I should not have told you of it, I assure you."

"Well, I can only hope that I shall never see Major Elliott; and if he ever proposes to come, aunt, pray do me the favor to assure him, from me, that it will not be of the smallest use."

"That would be foolish till you've seen him. You may like him."

"Never; I could not like a man whom I met under such circumstances, if he were an angel."

Thus, with a heart steeled against Major Elliott and his attractions, whatever they might be, Frances Seymour made her *début*; and, however brilliant had been her anticipations of success, she had the satisfaction of finding them fully realized. She was the belle of the season—admired, courted, and envied; and by the end of it, she had refused at least half a dozen proposals. As she was perfectly independent, she resolved to enjoy a longer lease of her liberty, before she put it in the power of any man to control her inclinations.

Shortly after the termination of the season, some family affairs called Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth to St. Petersburg; and as it was not convenient that Frances should accompany them, they arranged that she should spend the interval in visiting some families

of their own connection residing in the country, who promised to take due charge of her.

The first of these, by name Dunbar, were worthy people enough, but, unfortunately for Frances, desperately dull; and the few neighbors they had happened to be as dull* as themselves. There were neither balls nor routs to keep up the spirits of the London belle; and a tiresome drive of six or eight miles to an equally tiresome dinner party was but a poor substitute for the gayeties which the late season had given her a taste for.

Frances was not without resources. She was a fine musician, and played and sang admirably; but she liked to be told that she did so. At Dunbar House, nobody cared for music, nobody listened to her, and her most *recherchées toilettes* delighted nobody but her maid. She was *aux abois*, as the French say, and had made some progress in the concoction of a scheme to get away, when an improvement took place in her position, from the arrival of young Vincent Dunbar, the only son of the family. He was a lieutenant in a regiment of infantry that had lately returned from the colonies, and had come, as in duty bound, to waste ten days or a fortnight of his three months' leave in the dull home of his ancestors. As he was an extremely handsome, fashionable-looking

youth, Frances, when she went down to dinner, felt quite revived by the sight of him. Here was something to dress for, and something to sing to; and although the young lieutenant's conversation was not a whit above the usual standard of his class, it appeared lively and witty when compared with that of his parents. His small colonial experiences were more interesting than Mrs. Dunbar's domestic ones, and his account of a tiger hunt more exciting than his father's history of the run he had had after a fox. Frances was an equally welcome resource to him. Here was an opportunity, quite unexpected, of displaying his most fashionable ties and most splendid waistcoats; here was a listener for his best stories, and one who did not repay him in kind, as his father did; and here were a pair of bright eyes, that always looked brighter at his approach; and a pair of pretty lips, that pouted when he talked of going away to fulfil an engagement he had made to meet some friends at Brighton.

As was to be expected, under circumstances so propitious, the young man fell in love—as much in love as he could be with any body but himself; whilst his parents did not neglect to hint, that he could not do better than prosecute a suit which the young lady's evident partiality justified. Pleased with the prospect

of their son's making so good a match, they even ventured one day a dull jest on the subject in the presence of Frances—a jest which, heavy as it was, aroused her to reflection. Flirting with a man, and angling for his admiration, is one thing; loving and marrying him is another. For the first, Vincent Dunbar answered exceedingly well; but for the second he was wholly unfit. In spite of her little weaknesses, Frances had too much sense not to see that the young lieutenant was an empty-headed coxcomb, and not at all the man with whom she hoped to spend her years of discretion,—when she arrived at them,—after an ample enjoyment of the delights that youth, beauty, and wealth are calculated to procure their possessor. Her eyes were opened, in short; and the ordinary effect of this sort of awakening from an unworthy *penchant*—for attachment it could not be called—ensued; the temporary liking changed into aversion, and the attentions that had flattered her before became hateful. In accordance with this new state of her feelings, she resolved to alter her behavior, in order to dissipate, as quickly as possible, the erroneous impression of the family; whilst, at the same time, she privately made arrangements for cutting short her visit, and anticipating the period of her removal to the house of Mrs. Gaskoin, betwixt whom

and the Dunbars the interval of her friends' absence in Russia was to be divided. In spite of her stratagem, however, she did not escape what she apprehended. Vincent's leave had nearly expired too; and when the moment approached that was to separate them, he seized an opportunity of making his proposals.

There is scarcely a woman to be met with in society who does not know, from experience, what a painful thing it is to crush the hopes of a man who is paying her the high compliment of wishing to place the happiness of his life in her keeping; and when to this source of embarrassment is added the consciousness of having culpably raised expectations that she shrinks from realizing, the situation becomes doubly distressing. On the present occasion, agitated, ashamed, and confused, Frances, instead of honestly avowing her fault, which would have been the safest thing to do, had recourse to a subterfuge; she answered, that she had been betrothed by her father to the son of his dearest friend, and that she was not free to form any other engagement. Of course, Vincent pleaded that such a contract could not be binding on her; but as, whilst she declared her determination to adhere to it, she forbore to add, that were she at liberty his position would not be improved, the

young man and his family remained under the persuasion that this premature engagement was the only bar to his happiness ; and with this impression, which she allowed him to retain, because it spared him and herself pain, he returned to his regiment, whilst she, as speedily as she could, decamped to her next quarters, armed with a thousand good resolutions never again to bring herself into such an unpleasant dilemma.

Mrs. Gaskoin's was a different sort of house from the Dunbar's. It was not gay, for the place was retired, and, Mrs. Gaskoin being in ill health, they saw little company ; but they were young, cheerful, and accomplished people, and in their society Frances soon forgot the vexations she had left behind her. She even ceased to miss the admiration she was accustomed to ; what was amiable and good in her character—and there was much—regained the ascendant ; her host and hostess congratulated themselves on having so agreeable an inmate as much as she did herself on the judicious move she had made, till her equanimity was disturbed by learning that Mr. Gaskoin was expecting a visitor, and that this visitor was his old friend and brother officer, Major Elliott, the person of all others, Vincent Dunbar excepted, she had the greatest desire to avoid.

"I cannot express how much I should dislike meeting him," she said to Mrs. Gaskoin, to whom she thought it better to explain how she was situated. "You must allow me to keep my room whilst he is here."

"If you are determined not to see him, I think you had better go back to the Dunbars for a little while," answered the hostess; "but I really think you should stay, and let things take their course. If your aversion continues, you need not marry him; but my husband tells me he's charming; and in point of character, I know no one whom he estimates so highly."

But Frances objected, that she should feel so embarrassed and awkward.

"In short, you apprehend that you will appear to a great disadvantage," said Mrs. Gaskoin. "That is possible, certainly; but as Major Elliott is only coming for a day or two, I think we might obviate that difficulty, by introducing you as my husband's niece, Fanny Gaskoin. What do you say? You can declare yourself whenever you please, or keep the secret till he goes, if you prefer it."

Frances said she should like it very much; the scheme would afford them a great deal of amusement, and any expedient was preferable to going back to

Dunbar House. Neither, as regarded themselves, was it at all difficult of execution, since they always addressed her as Fanny or Frances; the danger was with the servants, who, however, cautioned to call the visitor by no other name than Miss Fanny, might inadvertently betray the secret. Still, if they did, a few blushes and a hearty laugh were likely to be the only consequences of the disclosure: so the little plot was duly framed, and successfully executed; Major Elliott not entertaining the most remote suspicion that this beautiful, fascinating Fanny Gaskoin was his own *fiancée*.

Whether they might have fallen in love with each other had they met under more prosaic circumstances, there is no saying. As it was, they did so almost at first sight. It is needless to say that Major Elliott extended his visit beyond the day or two he had engaged for; and when Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin saw how matters were going, they recommended an immediate avowal of the little deception that had been practised, lest some ill-timed visitor should inopportunately let out the secret, which had already been endangered more than once by the forgetfulness of the servants; but Frances wished to prolong their diversion till she should find some happy moment for the *dénouement*; added to which she had an extreme curiosity to know

how Major Elliott intended to release himself from the engagement formed by Colonel Seymour, in which he had tacitly, if not avowedly, acquiesced. It was certainly very flattering that her charms had proved sufficiently powerful to make him forget it; but that he should have yielded to the temptation without the slightest appearance of a struggle did somewhat surprise her, as indeed, from their knowledge of his character, it did Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin. Not that they would have expected him to adhere to the contract, if doing so proved repugnant either to himself or the young lady; but under all the circumstances of the case, they would have thought his conduct less open to exception, if he had deferred entering into any other engagement till he had seen Miss Seymour. It was true that he had not yet offered his hand to his friend Gaskoin's charming niece; but neither she, nor any one else, entertained a doubt of his intention to do so; and Frances never found herself alone with him, that her heart did not beat high with the expectation of what might be coming.

The progress of love affairs is no measure of time; where the *attrait*, or magnetic *rapport*, (for perhaps magnetism has something to do with the mystery,) is very strong, one couple will make as much way in a fortnight as another will do in a year. In the present

instance, Major Elliott's proclivity to fall in love with Frances may have been aided by his persuasion that she was the niece of his friend. Be that as it may, on the thirteenth day of his visit, Major Elliott invited his host to join him in a walk, in the course of which he avowed his intention of offering his hand to Miss Gaskoin, provided her family were not likely to make any serious objection to the match. "My reason for mentioning the subject so early is," said he "that, in the first place, I cannot prolong my visit; I have already broken two engagements, and now, however unwillingly, I must be off; and, in the second place, I felt myself bound to mention the subject to you before speaking to Miss Gaskoin, because you know how I am situated in regard to money matters; and that I cannot, unfortunately, make such a settlement as may be expected by her friends."

"I don't think that will be any obstacle to your wishes," answered Mr. Gaskoin, with an arch smile. "If you can find Fanny in the humor, I'll undertake to answer for all the rest. As for her fortune, she'll have something, at all events; but that is a subject, I suppose, you are too much in love to discuss."

"It is one there is no use in discussing till I am accepted," returned Major Elliott; "and I confess

that is a point I am too anxious about to think of any other."

"Prepare yourself," said Mrs. Gaskoin to Frances: "Major Elliott has declared himself to my husband, and will doubtless take an opportunity of speaking to you in the course of the evening. Of course, now the truth must be disclosed, and I have no doubt it will be a very agreeable surprise to him."

When the tea things were removed, and Frances, as usual, was seated at the piano-forte, and Major Elliott, as usual, turning over the leaves of her music book, she almost lost her breath with agitation when the gentle closing of a door aroused her to the fact that they were alone. Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin had quietly slipped out of the room; and conscious that the critical moment was come, she was making a nervous attempt to follow them, when a hand was laid on hers, and —. But it is quite needless to enter into the particulars; such scenes do not bear relating. Major Elliott said something, and looked a thousand things; Frances blushed and smiled, and then she wept, avowing that her tears were tears of joy; and so engrossed was she with the happiness of the moment, that she had actually forgotten the false colors under which she was appearing, till her lover said, "I have already, my dear Fanny, spoken on this subject to your uncle."

"Now, then, for the *dénouement*!" thought Frances; but she had formed a little scheme for bringing this about, which she forthwith proceeded to put in execution.

"But, dear Henry," she said, as, seated on the sofa hand in hand, they dilated on their present happiness and future plans — "dear Henry, there is one thing that has rather perplexed me, and does perplex me still, a little. Do you know, I have been told you were engaged?"

"Indeed! Who told you that?"

"Well, I don't know; but I'm sure I heard it. It was said that you were engaged to Miss Seymour — the Miss Seymour that lives with Mrs. Wentworth —."

"Do you know her?" inquired Major Elliott, interrupting her.

"Yes, I do — a little."

"Only a little?"

"Well, perhaps I may say I know her pretty well. Indeed, to confess the truth, I'm rather intimate with her."

"That is extremely fortunate," returned Major Elliott.

"Then you don't deny the engagement?" said Frances.

"Colonel Seymour, who was my father's friend and mine, very kindly expressed a wish, before he died, that, provided there was no objection on either side, his daughter and I should be married; but you see, my dearest Fanny, as there happens to be an objection on both sides, the scheme, however well meant, is defeated."

"On both sides!" reiterated Frances with surprise.

"Yes, on both sides," answered he, smiling.

"But how do you know that, when you've never seen Miss Seymour?—at least I thought you never had."

"Neither have I; but I happen to know that she has not the slightest intention of taking me for her husband."

"O," said Frances, laughing at the recollection of her own violent antipathy to this irresistible man, who, after all, had taken her heart by storm, "I suppose you have somehow heard that she disliked the idea of being trammelled by an engagement to a person she never saw, and whom she had made up her mind she could not love; but remember, Henry, she has never seen you. How do you know that she might not have fallen in love with you at first sight?—as somebody else did," she added, playfully.

"Because, my dear little girl, she happens to be in

love already. She did not wait to see me, but wisely gave away her heart when she met a man that pleased her."

"But you're mistaken," answered Frances, beginning to feel alarmed; "you are, indeed. I know Frances Seymour has no attachment. I know that till she saw you—I mean that—I am certain she has no attachment, nor ever had any."

"Perhaps you are not altogether in her confidence."

"O, yes, I am, indeed."

Major Elliott shook his head, and smiled significantly. "Rely on it," he said, "that what I tell you is the fact; but you have probably not seen Miss Seymour very lately, which would sufficiently account for your ignorance of her secret. I am told that she is extremely handsome and charming, and that she sings divinely."

Five minutes earlier, Frances would have been delighted with this testimony to her attractions, and would have been ready with a repartee about the loss he would sustain in relinquishing so many perfections for her sake; but now her heart was growing faint with terror, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Thoughts that would fill pages darted through her brain like lightning—dreadful possibilities, that she had never foreseen nor thought of.

Vincent Dunbar's regiment had been in India; she knew it was one of the *seventies*; but she had either never heard the exact number, or she had not sufficiently attended to the subject to know which it was. Major Elliott's regiment had also been in India; and it was the 76th. Suppose it were the same, and that the two officers were acquainted—and suppose they had met since Vincent's departure from Dunbar House! The young man had occasionally spoken to her of his brother officers; she remembered Poole, and Wainright, and Carter; the name of Elliott he had certainly not mentioned; but it was naturally of his own friends and companions he spoke, not of the field officers. Then, when she told him that she had been betrothed by her father, she had not said to whom; but might he not, by some unlucky chance, have found that out? And might not an explanation have ensued?

Could Major Elliott have distinctly discovered the expression of her features, he would have seen that it was something more than perplexity that kept her silent; but the light fell obscurely on the seat they occupied, and he suspected nothing but that she was puzzled and surprised.

"I see you are very curious to learn the secret," he said, "and if it were my own, you should not

pine in ignorance, I assure you; but as it is a young lady's, I am bound to keep it till she chooses to disclose it herself. However, I hope your curiosity will soon be satisfied, for I have ascertained that Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth are to be in England almost immediately,—they have been some time on the continent—and then we shall come to a general understanding. In the mean time, my dearest Fanny ——”

But Frances, unable longer to control her agitation, took advantage of a slight noise in the hall, to say that Mr. and Mrs. Gaskoin were coming; and before he had time to finish his sentence, she started to her feet, and rushed out of the room.

On the other side of the hall was Mrs. Gaskoin's boudoir, where she and her husband were sitting over the fire, awaiting the result of the *tête-à-tête* in the drawing room.

“Well,” said they, rising as the door opened and a pale face looked in, “is it all settled?”

“Ask me nothing now, I beseech you,” said Frances. “I'm going to my room; tell Major Elliott I am not well; say I'm agitated—any thing you like; but remember, he still thinks me Fanny Gaskoin.”

“But, my dear girl, I cannot permit that deception to be carried any further; it has lasted too long already,” said Mr. Gaskoin.

"Only to-night," said Frances.

"It is not fair to Major Elliott," urged Mrs. Gaskoin.

"Only to-night! only to-night!" reiterated Frances. "There! he's coming; I hear his step in the hall! Let me out this way!" And so saying, she darted out of a door that led to the back stairs, and disappeared.

"She has refused him," said Mrs. Gaskoin. "I confess I am amazed."

But Major Elliott met them with a smiling face. "What has become of Frances?" said he.

"She rushed in to us in a state of violent agitation, and begged we would tell you that she is not well, and is gone to her room. I'm afraid the result of your interview has not been what we expected."

"On the contrary," returned Major Elliott, "you must both congratulate me on my good fortune."

"Silly girl," said Mr. Gaskoin, shaking his friend heartily by the hand. "I see what it is: she is nervous about a little deception we have been practising on you."

"A deception!"

"Why, you see, my dear fellow, when I told Frances that you were coming here, she objected to meeting you ——"

"Indeed! On what account?"

"You have never suspected any thing?" said Mr. Gaskoin, scarcely repressing his laughter.

"Suspected any thing? No."

"It has never by chance occurred to you that this bewitching niece of mine is ——"

"Is what?"

"Your betrothed lady, for example, Frances Seymour?"

Major Elliott's cheeks and lips turned several shades paler; but the candles were not lighted, and his friends did not remark the change.

"Frances Seymour!" he echoed.

"That is the precise state of the case, I assure you." And then Mr. Gaskoin proceeded to explain how the deception came to be practised. "I gave into it," he said, "though I do not like jests of that sort, because I thought, as my wife did, that you were much more likely to take a fancy to each other, if you did not know who she was, than if you met under all the embarrassment of such an awkward relation."

During this little discourse, Major Elliott had time to recover from the shock; and being a man of resolute calmness and great self-possession, — which qualities, by the way, formed a considerable element in his attractions, — the remainder of the evening was

passed without any circumstance calculated to awaken the suspicions of his host and hostess, further than that a certain gravity of tone and manner, when they spoke of Frances, led them to apprehend that he was not altogether pleased with the jest that had been practised.

"We ought to have told him the moment we saw that he was pleased with her; but, foolish child, she would not let us," said Mr. Gaskoin to his wife.

"She must make her peace with him to-morrow," returned the lady. But, alas! when they came down to breakfast on the following morning, Major Elliott was gone, having left a few lines to excuse his sudden departure, which, he said, he had only anticipated by a few hours, as, in any case, he must have left them that afternoon.

By the same morning's post there arrived a letter from Vincent Dunbar, addressed to Miss Seymour. Its contents were as follow:—

"MY DEAREST, DEAREST FRANCES: I should have written to you ten days ago, to tell you the joyful news,—you little guess what,—but that I had applied for an extension of leave *on urgent private affairs*, and expected every hour to get it. But they have refused me, be hanged to them! So I write to you, my darling, to tell you that it's all right—I

mean between you and me. I'm not a very good hand at an explanation on paper, my education in the art of composition having been somewhat neglected; but you must know that old Elliott, whom your dad wanted you to marry, is our senior major. Well, when I came down here to meet Poole, as I had promised,—his governor keeps hounds, you know; a capital pack, too,—I was as dull as dishwater; I was, I assure you; and whenever there was nothing going on, I used to take out the verses you wrote, and the music you copied for me, to look at; and one day, who should come in but Elliott, who was staying with his governor on the West Cliff, where the old gentleman has taken a house. Well, you know, I told you what a madcap fellow Poole is; and what should he do, but tell Elliott that I was going stark mad for a girl that couldn't have me because her dad had engaged her to somebody else; and then he showed him the music that was lying on the table with your name on it. So you may guess how Elliott stared, and all the questions he asked me about you, and about our acquaintance, and our love-making, and all the rest of it. And, of course, I told him the truth, and showed him the dear lock of hair you gave me, and the little notes you wrote me the week I ran up to London; for Elliott's an honorable fellow,

and I knew it was all right. And it *is* all right, my darling; for he says he wouldn't stand in the way of our happiness for the world, or marry a woman whose affections were not all his own. And he'll speak to your aunt for us, and get it all settled as soon as she comes back," &c., &c.

The paper dropped from poor Frances Seymour's hands. She comprehended enough of Major Elliott's character to see that all was over. But for the unfortunate jest they had practised on him, an explanation would necessarily have ensued the moment he mentioned Vincent's name to her; but that unlucky deception had complicated the mischief beyond repair. It was too late now to tell him that she did not love Vincent; he would only think her false or fickle. A woman who could act as she had done, or as she appeared to have done, was no wife for Henry Elliott.

There is no saying, but it is just possible, that an entire confidence placed in Mr. Gaskoin might have led to a happier issue; but her own conviction that her position was irrecoverable, her hopelessness and her pride, closed her lips. Her friends saw that there was something wrong; and when a few lines from Major Elliott announced his immediate departure for Paris, they concluded that some strange

mystery had divided the lovers, and clouded the hopeful future that for a short period had promised so brightly.

Vincent Dunbar was not a man to break his heart at the disappointment which, it is needless to say, awaited him. Long years afterwards, when Sir Henry Elliott was not only married, but had daughters coming out in the world, he, one day at a dinner party, sat next a pale-faced, middle-aged lady, whose still beautiful features, combined with the quiet, almost grave elegance of her toilet, had already attracted his attention in the drawing room. It was a countenance of perfect serenity; but no observing eye could look at it without feeling that that was a serenity not born of joy, but of sadness—a calm that had succeeded a storm—a peace won by a great battle. Sir Henry felt pleased when he saw that the fortunes of the dinner table had placed him beside this lady, and they had not been long seated before he took an opportunity of addressing her. Her eyelids fell as she turned to answer him; but there was a sweet, mournful smile on her lip—a smile that awoke strange recollections, and made his heart for a moment stand still. For some minutes he did not speak again, nor she either; when he did, it was to ask her, in a low, gentle voice, to take wine with

him. The lady's hand shook visibly as she raised her glass; but, after a short interval, the surprise and the pang passed away, and they conversed calmly on general subjects, like other people in society.

When Sir Henry returned to the drawing room, the pale-faced lady was gone; and, a few days afterwards, the *Morning Post* announced among its departures that Miss Seymour had left London for the continent.

LINES TO —.

O, COULD I love thee, love as thou art worthy to
be loved,

Thy deep, thy constant tenderness my purpose might
have moved.

I know, might I accept thy heart, a blissful lot were
mine ;

Would we had earlier met—but no! I never could
be thine.

I love thee as a sister loves a brother kind and dear,
And feel a sister's thrilling pride whene'er thy
praise I hear ;

And I have breathed a sister's prayer for thee at
Mercy's throne,

And ne'er a truer, purer love might sister's bosom own.

I knew this trial was in store ; I felt it day by day ;
And oft in agony I prayed this cup might pass
away ;

And yet I lacked the power to tell, what thou too
late must hear —

To tell thee that another claims this heart, to thee
so dear.

Alas! that I must cause thee pain — I know that
thou wilt grieve —

For O, thou art all truthfulness; thou never couldst
deceive;

And I have wept when anxious care sat heavy on
thy brow,

Have wept when others wounded thee; and I must
wound thee now.

It may be that in after years we yet shall meet
again,

When time has cancelled every trace of this dark
hour of pain:

O, may I see thee happy, blest, whate'er my lot
may be,

And, as a sister and a friend, I shall rejoice with
thee.

TO MY COUSIN HELEN.

PLEASANT are thine eyes, dear Helen,
Sunny, soft, and kind;
Of a true warm heart the token,
And a quiet mind.
Few have seen their looks of welcome,
Few thy heart hath known,
Round thee dwelling, sisters, kindred,
All thou call'st "*thine own*."
Cherished yet—a scarce-fledged nestling—
By the Parent Dove,
Still thy soft glance, where it falleth,
Meeteth love for love.
But, when thou shalt pass the portals
Of thy childish years,
When the narrow circle widens
Of thy hopes and fears,
When great crowds of alien faces
Those sweet eyes shall see,
When "the world" shall greet thee, Helen,
Then how shall it be?



R. Meekins Pink?

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As the sun, at early morning,
Sees the leaden streams
Glisten with a tender radiance
Borrowed from his beams;
As the moon, at midnight shining
On the sad, gray waves,
Sees her own smile onward creeping
To the dark sea caves;
As an angel's presence lighteth
Dull and common ground, —
So the spirit of thy childhood
Still shall linger round
When thy untried steps shall wander
Forth from HOME's calm roof;
Goodness shall be there to guide thee,
Evil stand aloof.
Still those eyes shall keep their sunshine
Free from crime or care,
Still be gently raised to Heaven
Full of love and prayer;
And the coldest, the most worldly,
Pronest to condemn,
Can but look upon thee kindly —
As thou look'st on them.

ELLEN STEPHENSON.

I WAS for several years in the frequent habit of spending an evening in the cosy parlor of a tavern, at no great distance from Farringdon Street, which has long since been pulled down, but at the period I write of had a prosperous trade, and was kept by a man of the name of Stephenson. This, in my wife's very decided opinion, extremely objectionable practice was brought to a sudden end by the alarming advent of twins, in swift succession to three single blessings of the same kind; previous, however, to which connubial catastrophe, one or two circumstances had occurred in connection with mine host of the Star and Garter, to which after events gave a strange color and significance.

I must premise that I never liked the man,—the attraction of his house to me consisting solely in the company which frequented it,—though I could have given no other reason for the disfavor with which I and others regarded him, than a certain downcast,

furtive expression of countenance, which seldom left him, for he was a scrupulously civil and obliging person to his customers. I think his unprepossessing aspect was the more noticed by us from the striking contrast between it and the clear, candid brow and altogether gentle and winsome countenance of his daughter Ellen, the damsel who waited upon the parlor guests, and certainly one of its chief attractions. This, at least, was emphatically the case as regarded Mr. Richard Barstow, a superior young man, who had recently commenced business as a bookseller in Skinner Street. He, it was quite clear, encountered nightly the murky atmosphere of tobacco cloud entirely for the sake of the bright eyes which ever and anon shone through it with a light from heaven; and I was not at all surprised to hear him say, as we one evening walked home together, "Ellen Stephenson is certainly the prettiest girl, with the sweetest voice, the gentlest temper, and nicest manners in the world. I have a mind to pop the question, notwithstanding that prudence bids me wait a year or two longer, at the very least." I perfectly agreed with my friend's estimate of fair Ellen's charms, and still more decidedly with the suggestions of prudence, which I, with a laudable desire to aid the weaker side, endeavored to fortify with all the wise axioms,

applicable in such cases, I could at the moment think of. But, alas! those respectable personages, Prudence and Wisdom, however grave and weighty, are feather-light in the scale against a slim damsel of nineteen, when Youth and Passion hold the balance; and a week had not passed before it was abundantly plain to me that the question *had* been popped, and answered in the affirmative — with timid blushfulness, no doubt, for the telltale brightness still beamed upon her varying cheek, and sparkled in her gentle eyes. Stephenson had not as yet been consulted, for he looked neither more nor less heavy, austere, preoccupied, than usual; but that would, no doubt, have been the next scene in the matrimonial comedy, or tragedy, or tragicomic farce, as the hereafter should determine, had not a fresh actor suddenly intruded himself, and sent the previous *dramatis personæ* to the right about before they had well commenced their parts.

This ominous intrusion took place one fine evening in June, 1814, in the person of a seedy-looking man of about fifty. He entered our symposium just upon half past nine o'clock, and being a perfect stranger, as well as of much snobbier appearance than we law-clerk dignities — nearly all of us were minor potentates in the big-wig pandemonium — altogether

relished, he was rather sternly scrutinized, as he stealthily seated himself, and called for a "go" and a "screw;" yet none of us afterwards remembered to have read any *purpose* in the fellow's dull, gray eyes, and shuffling, awkward manner. He had, no doubt, dropped in by accident, and I at once summed him up to the full total of a begging letter writer, or other kindred respectability. In less than five minutes, he had subsided into oblivion, and we had resumed our facetious commentaries upon the great personages just then on a visit to John Bull—Prince Blucher's snuffing ugliness, Alexander's full-moon features, haloed with red hair, and so on, which poignant witticisms were presently interrupted by a cracked voice, pitched in *alt.*, screaming from out a smoke cloud,—

"Ah, Master Philip, is that you? God bless me, I'm in luck at last, then."

"Who the deuce is the fellow speaking to?" gleamed instantly from a score of eyes—a question that it did not require words to answer. Stephenson had entered the room with several glasses of spirits and water on a tray, all of which the sudden start elicited by the stranger's greeting caused to fall with a crash on the floor—a catastrophe momentarily unheeded by the landlord, who was glaring with terror-dilated eyes at the new comer.

"You—you here, Duffy?" he presently gasped out with spasmodic effort. "I thought you were—were ——"

"Dead, didn't you?" chuckled the cracked voice; "but I ain't, you see; and what's more, as you'll be, I know, glad to hear, I was never better nor likely to last longer."

Stephenson glanced at the attentive company, muttered something in excuse of his awkwardness in letting the glasses fall, busied himself for a moment in gathering up the fragments, and then, with a hurried, deprecatory sign to Duffy, as he called him, left the room, followed by the repulsive stranger. This was sufficiently odd and perplexing, but there was much more in the matter than any of us at all guessed of. On the next evening but one, Master Duffy shone out with extreme brilliance, having been newly togged from top to toe, by the Moseses of the day, at, nobody doubted, Stephenson's expense. He moreover drank nothing less expensive than brandy and water, and that to excess; strutted like a stage prince about the house, and in every way so outrageously conducted himself, that Stephenson must have kicked him a dozen times out of the house, had not some more potent influence mastered his rage. But if he dared not defy, he might at least escape the fellow; and

it was with only momentary surprise I heard, about a fortnight after Duffy's first appearance, that Stephenson had suddenly decamped. The new landlord, Owen Morgan, could only inform us that he had purchased the lease, stock, &c., of his predecessor, who, ten minutes after the money was paid, left the house in a hackney coach, with the weeping, sobbing Ellen, whither to betake himself no one knew, nor after urgent inquiry could discover. Duffy was absent on a pleasure excursion, to witness a prize fight, I believe, and terribly wroth he was at finding that the bird had flown. As to poor Barstow, he was so utterly disconsolate and woe-begone at the sudden disappearance of the Light of the Star and Garter, that I really feared, for a time, that suicide, in its modern and chiefly fatal form of excessive brandy and water, would be the melancholy result. Time, fortunately, is more than a match, in a general way, for the deadliest rage or the most heart-breaking tenderness. Duffy, after running himself to seed again in fruitless search of the particular coach that had carried off his precious dupe or victim, sank back into his previous haunts and habits; and as to the bereaved bookseller, he recovered with such reasonable speed, that in less, I think, than four months from the evanishment of his charmer, the last flickering symptom of

the disorder still faintly lurking in his veins showed itself by the present of a shilling to an excruciating street vocalist for her melancholy execution of

"Young Ellen was the fairest flower."

A calamitous donation it proved to be, for not one evening was allowed to pass without a reiteration of the same floricultural fact by the same remorseless voice; till at length my exasperated friend was provoked to the energetic expression of a wish that "Young Ellen" was with an individual unnamable to ears polite—a sign, it struck me, of almost perfect convalescence, spite of his after ingeniously-figurative explanation of the words he had hastily used. Be this as it may, the vocalist was conciliated by a more considerable gift than the first, "the fairest flower" transplanted to another locality, and Richard (Barstow) was himself again.

Well, the days sped on. Summer, winter, spring were gone, and summer was slipping away again, when a severe attack of illness confined Mr. Prince for several weeks to his bed, and when subdued, left him in so prostrate a condition, that wintering in one of the sanatoria of Southern Europe was pronounced indispensable to the perfect recovery of health. He left England in September, and I was thrown, for

some months at least, on the *pavé* — a disaster which the arrival of the twins before alluded to did not in the least degree tend to render more agreeable. I was sitting one morning in the Rainbow by the Temple, profoundly meditating, I well remember, upon the miserable instability of the affairs of the world in general, — the decline of Napoleon's fortunes, and my own more particularly, (Waterloo had come off the previous June,) and the discussion of some fine natives and finer stout, — when who should poke his nose in the doorway but Old Dodsley, of Chancery Lane. He was evidently in quest of some one, and that some one it presently appeared was me.

"You have nothing to do just at present, I am told," said Dods., coming, according to his wont, to business at once.

"As to *nothing* to do, that is an over-statement; nothing of pressing importance would be nearer the mark."

"Exactly: well, I can put a job in your way, for which, without flattery, you are exceedingly well qualified. Be at the office," he added, "precisely at ten to-morrow morning. Good by."

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Dodsley. How about the figure — the *solatium*?"

"The remuneration will, I have no doubt, be liberal; but I shall not be paymaster."

"Ha!"

"That's pleasant hearing, isn't it?" continued old Closefist, with a grin; "your principal will be Charles Atkins, Esquire, of the Bombay civil service. He wished to engage the services of one of my clerks, but neither can be spared. Good by again, and be punctual."

I was punctual, and found Charles Atkins, a bilious-looking, gentlemanly man, of between fifty and sixty, I judged,—but perhaps the liver misled me a few years,—there before me. The business in hand, I found, was to set out immediately on a voyage of discovery through Great Britain and Ireland, in search of a missing damsel, one Laura Atkins, and only child of the gentleman before me. The preliminary particulars confided to me were briefly these: "Mr. Charles Atkins, of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, after being married to Laura Franklin, of the same place, about six months, obtained a cadetship in the civil service of the Honorable East India Company, and thereupon forthwith set off for the Western Presidency, leaving his wife to follow as soon as a decrepit and only aunt, who had money to bequeath, and relatives eager to receive it, should have departed this life. This event did not occur till nearly three years afterwards, when the young wife and mother—for a

daughter, the Laura now in question, had been born about five months after Mr. Atkins's departure — immediately made diligent preparation for the Indian voyage. Death — unexpected, almost sudden, for she was ill only about a week — surprised her at the task, but not till she had given instructions that an elderly female servant, in whom she had great confidence, should, without loss of time, proceed to Bombay with the child. Accordingly, on the third day after the funeral of Mrs. Atkins, the woman — a married person, but separated from her husband, a drunken, worthless fellow — set out with her infant charge by coach for the metropolis, where they were to embark in the *Clive* East Indiaman. Neither woman nor child reached London, and the only reliable particulars since obtained were, that, on changing coaches at Sheffield, a respectable-looking man, with whom the woman appeared to be extremely intimate, continued the journey with her. Peterboro' was reached in safety; but after leaving that city, a terrific night storm overtook them, the horses took fright, and, madly plunging away, upset the coach at a quick turn of the road not very far out of Cambridge. The woman and another person were killed on the spot; the child escaped unhurt, and was taken charge of by the man who assumed to be the woman's husband. After the

inquest verdict of "accidental death" had been returned, he proceeded on to London, taking with him, as a matter of course, his wife's luggage, containing money and other property belonging to Mr. Atkins, to the amount of more than five hundred pounds. Neither he nor the child had since been seen or heard of; but it had been well ascertained that the man who obtained possession of the infant, Laura, and her father's property, was *not* the real husband of the woman, who was a fellow of the name of Duffy — "

"Duffy!" I exclaimed, "Duffy!"

"Yes, James Duffy; does that name suggest any thing to you?" said Mr. Atkins, with quick interrogation.

"Well, I can hardly say: what manner of man is he?"

"I have never seen him, but people tell me a loutish fellow, now about fifty,—it is sixteen years since his wife was killed,—of sallow complexion, and a shrill, harsh voice."

"And the man who carried off the child; is his name known or suspected?"

"Yes, suspected. He is thought, from the description obtained of his person, to have been one Philip Gosnold."

"Philip Gosnold; humph! Have you the description of his person with you?"

"Yes; you will find it in this handbill."

I read the description in a sort of flurried silence, and mentally commenting upon it as I read, "'Dark hair, bushy whiskers'—Stephenson does not wear whiskers, and his hair, a wig by the by, is a very light brown. 'Tall and thin'—tall? yes, but thin! Years, to be sure, may account for that change. 'Nose prominent'—that's right—and 'bow-legged.' Stephenson for a thousand!" Here I looked up, and saw that both Dodsley and Mr. Atkins were keenly regarding me. It was certainly no part of my game to show my hand too quickly, and I instantly assumed, as cleverly as I could, an air of doubt and perplexity.

"These are but doubtful guides," I said, "in such a labyrinth. And the child," I added, "the missing Laura, what was she like? I mean, of course, as to complexion, eyes, hair."

"Extremely fair—blue eyes, hair light brown," replied Mr. Atkins, in a voice vibrating with emotion; "and surely I either strangely misread the expression of your countenance, or God's gracious providence has at last brought me in contact with one from whom I may expect efficient help."

"It is best," I said, "not to be over-sanguine; and, descending to vulgar, but essential considerations, what is to be the pecuniary reward for success in this matter?"

"I am not," promptly rejoined Mr. Atkins, "by any means a rich man, in the city acceptation of the term; still, if two hundred guineas, over and above all reasonable expenses, will suffice ——"

"Quite, quite," I interrupted; "and this little matter reduced to writing, — you will excuse, I know, inveterate business habits, — I set forward at once upon my mission, with, let me add, some *hope* of bringing it to a successful issue."

All necessary preliminaries being at last settled, I sallied forth in mounting spirits, which, however, an hours or two's quiet agitation cooled down considerably. True, I had little doubt that my Duffy was *the* Duffy, mine host Stephenson Philip Gosnold, and pretty Ellen the lost Laura; but how to run the quarry to earth without giving such tongue as would allure others to the scent, and consequent participation of the spoil, was a matter of much difficulty. The first two or three days I spent in quietly seeking out Duffy, who, I at last succeeded in assuring myself, had left London about a month previously. The next step was to advertise, in a friend's name, a

reward of five pounds for the discovery of the hackney coachman who had, on such a day and hour, conveyed Stephenson and daughter from the Star and Garter. This produced coachee himself, and by diligent following up of the clew thus obtained, I at length discovered that Stephenson and Ellen had left London more than two months after they disappeared from the Star and Garter, by the Southampton coach. Other indices, unnecessary to detail, showed themselves. I determined to vigorously follow up the trail thus fortunately hit upon, and with this view booked myself for that ancient, and now go-ahead city, by, I think, the Telegraph coach, without delay. But I could not have the heart to leave town without giving my old friend Barstow a quiet hint of the delightful possibilities beginning to dawn upon the horizon of the dreamland of the future. I found him, as far as outward appearances enabled me to judge, in vigorous health of mind and body, and busily engaged in getting up, in conjunction with a gentleman in the "row," a new and splendid edition of *Seneca*, with copious notes by an erudite A. M. I had not seen him for some time, and his greeting was very cordial, and, no doubt to add to the pleasure of the visit, he forthwith set about regaling me with a heap of eloquent extracts from the new work, illustrative of the

nothingness of every thing, which I was fain to stop at last with, "There, there, that will do, my dear fellow. The old heathen was quite right, I dare say; and as you are in so very philosophic a mood, it will, I suppose, scarcely interest you to hear that it is possible I shall see Ellen Stephenson in a day or two."

Alas for philosophy! The rapt admirer of Seneca leaped up from his chair like a flash of lightning, whirling, as he did so, the sacred book to the other end of the shop.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "see Ellen—see Ellen Stephenson! What can you mean?"

"Barstow, my dear boy, what are you about? Who, a moment ago, could have believed that Seneca would now be sprawling open-leaved upon the waste heap, and by your irreverent hand too? Fie! Fie!"

"Pshaw!—Stuff!—Humbug! You spoke of Ellen——"

"And this, too," I persisted, "just after reading that delightful passage upon the folly of love and the vanity of beauty, so charmingly set forth by the divine Seneca——"

"The devil fly away with the divine Seneca," burst in my excited friend, quite fiercely; "speak to me of Ellen! What of her?"

It would have been cruel to tantalize him further; so I e'en yielded to his impatience, and briefly ran over the chief incidents of the eight or ten previous days. The relation greatly agitated him, and the flashing of his fine dark eyes showed that the smothered and seemingly extinguished fire was blazing again as fiercely as ever.

"It is she," he said, in a quick, tremulous voice; "Ellen is the Laura you are in search of, I feel assured; and you will, I fervently hope, trust, believe, find her. And thank God," he added, with a burst, "that her father is not a rich man. I have myself, Robert," he added, "had a windfall lately, in the shape of a legacy, which, the duty paid, will put fifteen hundred pounds in my pocket."

This was gratifying; but it is needless to prolong the conversation. It will suffice to say, that I was intrusted with a hundred love messages, all of which I forgot before reaching Holborn Hill; and with one letter which I promised and fully intended to deliver at the proper time.

My search in Southampton was a protracted and tedious one; but perseverance seldom fails of success, and I finally obtained information which left little doubt that I should find Philip Gosnold, *alias* Stephenson; and now it appeared *alias* Parker, at

a roadside inn, near Titchfield, on the road to Gosport.

I alighted from the coach when within about a quarter of a mile of the house, and walked quietly on. The Fates were propitious. The first person my eye lit on, upon entering the door, was Ellen. She was standing within the bar, and it needed but a single glance to show me how hardly anxiety and grief had dealt with her. The rounded outlines of her charming person had become spare and angular, and she was pale as marble—a paleness instantly effaced by a flood of richest crimson, as she caught sight of me; and with a slight scream, yet eagerly-extended hands, recognized and gave me welcome. The next moment the death-like pallor came again, and her flurried look was turned towards a man at the farther corner of the bar.

“Ah, Stephenson,” I exclaimed, “you there ——”

“Hush!” interrupted Ellen, “hush!”

I followed her glance from some persons outside the open door to the swinging sign, which announced that “James Parker” was licensed to sell wines and spirits at the Black Horse. I nodded compliant intelligence, and walked inside the bar. Stephenson, who looked extremely worn and anxious, and more gloomy and downcast than ever, appeared at first

uncertain how to receive me; but my frank greeting partially reassured him, and we were soon chatting with some familiarity together. There was, I presently found, a nearer fear than I could possibly inspire, lower limb of the law as I might be, the incarnation of which dread presently appeared in the likeness of Duffy! Duffy, handsomely rigged out again, and ten times more triumphantly insolent than ever!—why and wherefore I now perfectly understood. He appeared a little startled at seeing me; but his look quickly changed to a cold and impudent one—a favor which I have seldom experienced any difficulty in returning full change for.

My course was now plain; but I was first desirous of a private interview with Ellen. This I with some difficulty obtained; and she, poor harassed child, was soon induced to give me her entire confidence. She had been aware, from the time of leaving the Star and Garter, that her father—as she, of course, still believed Stephenson to be—“was in Duffy’s power for some fault—some—some crime,” she hesitated, with her sweet eyes full of tears, “known to his persecutor. I could not abandon him,” she went on to say with increasing emotion; “for whatever his faults, he has been ever kind and indulgent to me; and even now, when he is again and hopelessly in

that bad man's thrall, refuses to purchase safety by even appearing to acquiesce in the — the proposal — the —— ”

Poor Ellen burst into a flood of tears. I quite understood her. “The ugly miscreant!” I exclaimed. “But never mind, we will fit him with something more suitable than the prettiest wife in all England. And as for you, my poor child, I really think I have a letter for you somewhere about me. Ah, here it is.” How eagerly, well mannered as she was, did she snatch Barstow's thickly-scribbled missive from my hand, and recognize, with the bright carnation of her glowing cheeks, the no doubt familiar hand. I now withdrew, first, however, exacting a pledge of secrecy, and busied myself in penning and despatching two letters, one to Mr. Charles Atkins, the other to Mr. Richard Barstow, which gentleman I counselled to wait, without a moment's delay, upon, as I hoped, his future father-in-law.

A scrap of writing reached me by the earliest post from Barstow.

“All right — gloriously right,” he scrawled. “Dear Ellen's father and himself would be with me exactly at the time appointed, and, as I had directed, would quit the post chaise at about a mile from the Black Horse. As to Stephenson, he was to be forgiven, of course, for his kindness to Ellen, &c.”

All right, indeed, and not one hour too soon. Duffy, who had a keen scent for coming events, was, I heard, furious for his immediate union with Ellen; and when I and my two eagerly-impatient friends entered the Black Horse by the back way, he, Stephenson, and Ellen were—the maid of all work whispered—together in the inner bar, and, as our ears quickly made us aware, quarrelling, the men at least, fiercely. Mr. Atkins was too nervously agitated to act decisively, but I could hardly hold that confounded Barstow back for half a minute.

“You defy me, then, do you, Philip Gosnold?” we heard Duffy exclaim at the top of his cracked voice; “but I tell you again, that either I marry Ellen, or ——”

“You be d——!” roared Barstow, bursting into the room, followed by Mr. Atkins and myself. “Ellen, beloved Ellen—your father—myself—every body—O Lord!” He was blubbing like a mooncalf, and so were others, for that matter; but I shall not attempt to transcribe the Babel of exclamations, explanations, sobs, raptures, embracings, hysterics, that followed. Indeed, I heard a part only, having immediately busied myself in driving out the astounded Stephenson and his quondam friend, Duffy. The former slowly comprehended the bewildering scene, and very grateful

he was for the assurance I gave him, that in consideration of the redeeming point of his kindness to Ellen, or rather Laura Atkins, he would not be prosecuted. When we had leisure to look about for Duffy, we discovered that that worthy had absquatulated, as Yankees say, taking with him the bar cash box, a not very weighty affair; and he has never, to my knowledge, turned up since. An hour afterwards, I looked in at the bar parlor: the tremulous calm of a recent but assured happiness had succeeded to the first tumultuous emotion of the father and daughter, of the lover and his promised bride. I was overwhelmed with thanks and praises. My friend Barstow pronounced me to be emphatically the cleverest fellow in all England; dove Ellen kissed me; and Mr. Atkins, grasping me warmly by the hand, left there a check for —; but that is private business. I may, however, mention that, in the pleasant dreams I had that night, one perpetually recurring image presented itself, namely, Mrs. T—— papering up, in the very wantonness of riches, the locks of our five olive branches with bank notes.

THOSE WE LOVE.

WE leave our own, our fatherland,
To lead the wanderer's fearful life —
On stormy seas or desert sand,
In pilgrim peace or busy strife;
But there's a hope to save and cheer
Through all of danger, toil, and pain;
It shines to dry the starting tear,
And lights the pathway back again
To those we love.

Let others give us gems and gold;
With gems and gold we'd lightly part —
We take them, but we do not hold
The treasures sacred in the heart.
Such costly boons may have the power
To win our thanks and wake our pride,
But dearer is the withered flower
That has been worn and thrown aside
By those we love.

We pine beneath the regal dome,
We prize not all that's rich and fair;
We cannot rest in princely home
If those we cherish dwell not there.
But let the spirit choose its lot;
We'd rather take the rover's tent,
Or gladly share the peasant's cot,
And bless the flying moments spent
With those we love.

And when at last the hand of death
Has dimmed the glance and chilled the breast,
When trembling word and fleeting breath
Dwell on the name we like the best,—
E'en then, however keen the throe,
'Tis easy for ourselves to die:
The deepest anguish is to know
That grief will wring the mourner's sigh
From those we love.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

THE Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, is one of the longest streets in the world: it is the Oxford Street of the capital of France, and has more shops and houses between its extreme end of the Rue St. Denis and the Faubourg des Roule than even the Boulevards. At no great distance from the Palais Royal, and between it and the church of the Oratoire, was, during the reign of terror, a small shoemaker's shop. It was kept by an Alsatian, a dry, droll, middle-aged man, who, during those times of revolution and alarm, when heroic France, attacked by the whole civilized world, was apparently perishing in death throes,—expiring in agonies, which were, however, to save, to raise, and glorify it,—paid little attention to any thing save his business and his pretty little daughter. M. Leopold Mayer was a selfish man—a very selfish man. So bootmaking prospered, he did not care for any thing else. If the country were attacked on all sides, foreign armies in every frontier, he little

cared. The only inconvenience he did care about was the taxes: that was unpleasant; but, otherwise, public affairs were nothing to him. There are hundreds of such men every where; men whose native town might be desolated by the plague, and who yet would be happy if they remained untouched—unhurt.

Leopold Mayer had a daughter,—a very pretty girl,—about twelve years old, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, a warm, expansive heart, and a character the very opposite of her father. She was as generous as he was selfish; as keen in her sympathies for the world as he was for his own private business—she had a corner in her heart for every one. Her mother had been like her, having sacrificed every consideration to that of pleasing her husband, who would not be pleased—of making happy a man who would not be happy.

M. Leopold Mayer did a very good business, and, it was said, had a great deal of money somewhere, but no man knew where.

Katerina Mayer sat in her father's shop and took the money; but, having plenty of leisure, she read, during the intervals of business, such books as she could find in a neighboring circulating library. German in her nature, with a warm, but somewhat

contemplative character, she devoured history, philosophy, poetry, and the drama; was learned in Molière, Racine, Corneille, and even Montaigne, and doted on Philip de Comines; but she had her favorite author, too, and that, like Madame Roland, was the author of "Lives of Plutarch."

Of an evening she would read out to her father while he smoked his pipe, to which — like Germans and Dutchmen — he was a great devotee. Very often they were joined by a young officer, a lodger, who had not long been removed from a military school to a commission in the army, but who was, as yet, unattached. Paul — (we must leave his name in blank, because of his aristocratic son, who would not forgive us publishing it) was a young man who had profited by his education; and a better guide for the girl could not well have been found. Of course he was a republican; all young men, not *émigrés*, were in those days; and the contagion spread; for "a more audacious little *sans culotte* than was Katerina," would old Mayer say, "never stepped in shoe leather." The reign of terror very nearly shocked her; but she had good sense enough not to confound the bold crimes of Danton, the atrocities of Marat, of Hebert, and Charette with the principles of the true friends of freedom.

Paul —— and Katerina Mayer were the very best of friends. The young girl, so early mistress of a house, and so precocious in her studies, played the little woman, which made the man of twenty laugh and declare that, were he not a poor devil of an officer, with no other fortune save his sword, he would carry her before the *maire* and marry her at once; at which Katerina laughed, and bade him go and win the epaulets of a general first, and then she might listen to him. But the idea of marrying the heiress of the richest shoemaker in Paris, was terribly audacious. And Paul called her an *aristocrate*; they laughed, and the matter ended.

About three months after the young man received his commission, he entered the shop of Citizen Mayer in company with a brother officer. Katerina was at the counter. Citizen Mayer was overlooking his young men.

“Well, little wife ——” said Paul, smiling.

“Mr. Saucy, pray, whom art thou talking to?” replied Katerina, looking hard at him and his friend, a pale, dry, and thoughtful-looking youth.

“To thee, *citoyenne*,” continued Paul; “I have come to bid thee adieu. We are ordered off to the army this very day. Here, dear Katerina, is thy

father's account, which paid, I have to ask a favor of thee."

"What is that?" said Katerina, with a tremulous voice.

"The fact is, Katerina, we have, our bills paid, not one penny left. We have our uniforms complete, and our *feuille de route*; but we precisely want a pair of boots each. We are in the case of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, to which the citizen *représentant*, having heard their demand for shoes and stockings, said, 'The republic has many thanks for you, but no shoes and stockings.'"

"*Pauvre cher Paul*," said Katerina, turning her head towards the dark end of the shop. "Citizen papa."

"What is it?" asked Citizen Mayer, advancing.

"Why, papa, here is Paul going away; and here is the money he owes thee, not in *assignats*, but in silver; and the poor, dear young man wants a pair of boots for himself and friend, on credit, until the end of the campaign."

"Exactly, papa Mayer; and thou, as a good citizen ——"

"Humph! humph! bad citizen or good citizen is neither here nor there. Money is the question. My principle, thou knowest, is, no money, no boots."

"Papa," cried Katerina, reproachfully.

"Well, citizen," said the grave-looking young man, who had not yet spoken, "that is enough. If we cannot buy boots, we will take them ——"

"Citizen," said Mayer, in an alarmed tone ——

"From the first Austrian or Prussian we kill," continued the sallow young man, dryly; and he turned on his heel.

"Stop a minute," exclaimed Katerina, quickly; thou dost not understand papa, citizen. He means that he would refuse boots without money to strangers; but to thee, a friend of Paul's, he will be most happy — rather two pairs than one."

"A pretty business girl thou wilt make!" said Citizen Mayer, with half a grunt and half a smile; "put to thy friend Paul, and to his friend, I will not refuse credit. M. Paul, do thou and thy friend choose two pair of poots each."

"We thank thee, citizen," replied the sallow young officer, while Paul patted Mayer on the back, "and thou shalt be repaid."

Mayer looked rather incredulous; but he loved his daughter, and it was to her he made the sacrifice of four pair of boots, which, naturally enough, the young men chose. Then they shook hands with Mayer. Paul kissed Katerina, and then made his friend kiss

her, and, putting their packets under their arms, went away.

Years passed away, and the saucy girl of twelve had become a beautiful woman of three and twenty. In all this time, not one word of Paul, and worse, said Mayer, the shoemaker, no news of his boots. Mademoiselle Katerina had many suitors. Persons in a very elevated position overlooked, in those democratic days, the fact that she was a bootmaker's daughter, and invited her into society as the well-known Clelia; and many sought her hand and heart. But the girl of twelve still lived within her, and she refused every offer, however brilliant, remaining still her father's cashier, and aiding him in adding to that rather large fortune which he had now invested in the French funds. He sometimes pressed her himself on the subject of marriage; but Katerina was not to be moved by any one, even her parent.

Things were in this state. Katerina had just refused a colonel whom she met at a grand party, who talked to the father rather sharply when rejected, and M. Mayer had taken Katerina to task, when, one morning, they received a laconic epistle, requesting their presence at the office of the staff of the commander-in-chief of the forces in the first military division.

"I will not marry him," said Katerina, quickly.

"Whom?"

"The officer, Colonel Peterman. I'm sure he's complained to the commander-in-chief, and that he is going to threaten us."

"But he cannot make you marry against your will," cried M. Mayer.

"I don't know that. Since this Bonaparte has taken us all by storm, papa, the sword is not very apt to yield when it wishes any thing."

"We shall see, my dear," replied the shoemaker; "to begin, this *request* must be obeyed at once. Make haste, girl, and put on your finery."

Katerina smiled thoughtfully, and went away. The girl expected a sermon from the commander-in-chief on the impertinence of the daughter of a little shoemaker refusing an officer of rank; but she was determined to hold good, and yield to no threats, persuasions, or seductions. She remained faithful to the memory of Paul. She was romantic, she loved and wrote poetry, and she preferred a beautiful dream to any idea of fortune and material happiness which might be offered to her.

In half an hour the father and daughter were ready; and away they went, arm in arm, on foot, to the Tuileries, where the commander-in-chief of the army

of Paris in general resides. They were soon at the palace, and were met by the sentries, who asked them where they were going. M. Mayer showed his letter of invitation, which served at once as a pass, and they were admitted.

They entered the antechamber, occupied by officers of various grades, several of whom rose from cards, or smoking on benches, to greet them. A young man, an aide-de-camp, respectfully addressed them, and inquired their business. M. Mayer again produced his letter. The officer bowed profoundly, and said he was at their service. Moving through the crowd of officers, he led them by a staircase upwards, until he reached a large open landing. He tapped gently twice, and the door opened. A servant in a rich livery appeared, who made way for the party, and passing on, with the theatre of the palace to their right, they turned round, and entered the real palace of the Tuileries, of which they had hitherto only visited the wing.

Presently the aide-de-camp paused.

"Monsieur will be kind enough to wait one moment," he said, as they entered an antechamber. "I will precede you, and return in an instant."

"Where are we going?" asked Katerina of her father, in a whisper.

"I don't know; but my head begins to grow dizzy. I begin to suspect that we must give way to circumstances."

"Never," exclaimed the young girl, firmly.

"Will you walk in?" said the aide-de-camp, returning, and standing with the door in one hand and his hat in the other.

M. Mayer and Katerina obeyed mechanically. They advanced, with eyes dimmed by excitement, with a singing in their ears, with a fainting at the heart, — a doubt — a fear — a dread, — that left them, a minute later, standing in the middle of a small room, unconscious whether they were in the presence of the Emperor of China, the Khan of Tartary, or of the Grand Llama of Thibet.

"Well, Monsieur Mayer," said a somewhat gentle voice.

M. Mayer and Katerina now saw that they were in the famous private cabinet of the Emperor Napoleon, — who had been just crowned, — with its rich ornaments, its maps and charts, and its splendid furniture. By the fire stood, his back turned to it, a man of middle height, neither stout nor thin, with a look of power and genius, but tinged by haughtiness, pride, and a spirit of insolent domineering.

"His majesty the emperor," cried M. Mayer to

his daughter, bowing as if he were very much inclined to kneel, while Katerina stood erect, respectful, but firm, and resolved to oppose even the will of Napoleon, where her heart was concerned.

"Monsieur Mayer," said the emperor, who was in one of his moments of good humor, "I have sent for you on a matter of business. Mademoiselle Katerina, be seated."

Katerina courtesied profoundly, and seated herself; M. Mayer stood by her chair.

"I am informed, M. Mayer, that your daughter has refused the hand of one of my bravest officers, Colonel Peterman. Now, as all my subjects are my children, I have sent for you to ask an explanation. It seems inconceivable to me that a daughter of a tradesman should refuse the hand of a distinguished officer, who may become marshal of the republic."

"Please your imperial majesty," said Katerina, firmly, and without note of hesitation in her voice, "it is not the daughter of the obscure shoemaker who refuses the hand of Colonel Peterman, but the poetess Clelia."

"O," exclaimed Napoleon, a flush of pleasure crossing his cheeks; for a poem on his Italian campaign had deeply gratified, perhaps, the vainest man the world ever produced — "you are Clelia?"

"I am known to the public under that name," said the young woman, modestly.

"Then I pardon you your refusal of Colonel Peterman; but"—and his majesty, the great usurper, smiled—"if I allow you to reject a colonel, I cannot a general, and that general the commander-in-chief of the army in the first military division."

As he spoke, Napoleon rang; an officer appeared, who received an order in a low tone, and disappeared.

"Your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, warmly, "must excuse me. Not all your mighty power, not all the deep respect I bear to one who is making illustrious with victory my country, can make me marry where my affections are not."

"But, obstinate girl, where are your affections?" said the emperor, with a provoking smile.

"With the dead," replied Katerina, sadly.

"Explain yourself."

Katerina thought a moment, and then she briefly told the story of the past—of Paul, of his departure, of the boots.

"The commander-in-chief of the army of Paris," said an usher, as the girl finished her story.

Katerina turned round just in time to be caught in the arms of the dashing young general, who had darted towards her the instant he entered.

"Paul—Katerina," were words uttered in the same breath.

Napoleon took up a letter, and turned his back on them, with a grim smile, as if he thought them very childish, and yet had no objection to let them have time to express their feelings. Paul drew the shoemaker and his daughter into the embrasure of the window, and rapidly explained himself. He had never forgotten them; had always intended to write, but had put it off, taken up, as he was, by his military duties. He had only been three weeks in Paris as commander-in-chief. A few evenings back, he saw a lovely woman at a ball, asked who she was, heard that it was Mademoiselle Mayer, the *future* of Colonel Peterman; and angry, he knew not why, at this, he avoided being seen by her. Hearing, however, that she had refused the Alsatian colonel, he had taken this mode of again claiming his little wife.

"But, *Camarade* Paul," said the emperor, who had advanced nearer to them at the conclusion of the conversation, "the young lady has refused the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris."

"But, your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, blushing, "I did not know that it was my old friend Paul."

"O," said Napoleon; "but how have you settled about the boots?"

"Why, your majesty," exclaimed Paul, laughing, "I fancy that is as much your affair as mine."

"True," said Napoleon, laughing heartily. "How much, M. Mayer, do I owe you for those two pair of boots you were good enough to give me credit for?"

"What!" exclaimed Mayer, confounded, astounded, "it was your majesty I—I—I——"

"It was Lieutenant Bonaparte," said Napoleon, smiling, to whom you would, but for your good-natured little daughter, have refused credit."

"*Comment*, your majesty wore my boots on his first campaign! I enjoyed the honor," began Mayer. "I am lost in amazement. That young man who accompanied Paul, and who talked of taking boots from a dead Austrian, was—to think of the Emperor Napoleon making his first campaign in a dead Cossack's ugly shoes—O Katerina, what an eye you have got! Your majesty, I implore you, will allow me to—to——"

"To call yourself bootmaker to his majesty the Emperor Napoleon," said the ex-lieutenant of artillery, smiling.

"O, your majesty, I am overwhelmed."

"Very well. Paul, I shall sign the contract between yourself and Clelia."

"Clelia!" cried Paul.

"It appears so. And now, Paul, run away, send Caulaincourt to me, and don't be carried away by the women to neglect your duty."

Paul, Katerina, and Mayer, went out, after again expressing their thanks, and adjourned to the apartments of the commander-in-chief, where again, at full length, and over a dinner, they talked over the past. Mayer was lost in ecstasies at having furnished the future emperor and his friend, on credit, with boots; but this delight was a little abated when Paul insisted on Mayer, at the epoch of his marriage with Katerina, shutting up shop and retiring from business. The good Alsatian grumbled excessively, but a smile from Katerina soon set aside all his scruples, while the old man himself smiled grimly at a thought which illumined his brain suddenly.

A month later, Napoleon being about to leave Paris, the marriage took place, and Katerina became *Madame la Générale*. Paul—a thorough soldier, a brave and noble character—rose in his profession even higher, and proved a good husband and an excellent father. Neither he nor his wife ever changed their principles, serving Napoleon only from the conviction that, after the revolution and the coalition, his reign was indispensable. When he died, they remained faithful to his memory, and refused to serve the Bourbon.

A few months after the marriage of Paul and Katerina, the grim smile of Mayer was explained. The ex-shoemaker had retired from business, as he promised, and had purchased a cottage on the road to St. Cloud. One day, Paul and Katerina, in an open carriage, with the emperor and Josephine, stopped to speak with him a moment, as he stood smoking his pipe on a little eminence overlooking the road. Paul and Katerina blushed up to the eyes, and looked confounded and confused; but both Napoleon and Josephine laughed heartily.

On a large brass plate on the door was engraved — "LEOPOLD MAYER, *late* SHOEMAKER TO HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON."

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

"Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night." — *Paradise Lost*.

In morning's flush, in twilight's shade, a spirit voice
I hear;
Fraught with lovely tidings are its accents low and
clear;
In noontide's dreamy hush, in solemn night it comes,
Like whispers from a distant shore, haunting mortal
homes.

When the red sun mounteth, ye may hear it on the
hill;
In the dewy forest groves its holy murmurs thrill;
From each nectarean flower cup 'tis borne upon the
gale;
In the dancing river's music floateth forth its tale.

When o'er field and bowery copse the noontide shadows sleep,
From the corn sheaves joyfully its silvery accents sweep;
From hill to hill it speaketh, with a deep, majestic tone,
When the deep and glorious thunder peals from its viewless home.

It was a strange and lovely thought, by gifted sages told,
Of the sunset's gorgeous time in far-off lands of old,
That the air with departed spirits was thronged in those calm hours,
Who to watch the loved on earth had left Elysium's shining bowers.

Ours is a loftier faith; with many a hallowed thought
Is the scented breath of evening and day's last moments fraught;
And that spirit voice is heard as it passeth gently by,
Over city, wave, and woodland, with a low and murmured sigh.

Ye may hear it whispering solemnly amid the dusky pines,
When on stream and mountain brow the fitful moonlight shines;

And through the untracked purple depths, with starry
watchfires bright,
Swellleth its tuneful melody upon the queenly night.

It is the voice that nature sends through earth's sin-
clouded bowers,
Pure strains of joy from sea and shore, and incense
from sweet flowers;
It is the praise that riseth up at evening and at morn,
Through the golden gates of heaven, on seraph pin-
ions borne.

It reacheth *Him* who decked the world with every
glorious thing,
Who tips with gold the harvest sheaves, and bids the
valleys sing,
Whose hand e'en on the wilderness a robe of beauty
throws,
Making the desert waste rejoice and blossom as the
rose.

BUY IMAGES!

"IMAGES! Buy images!"

Such was the cry of an Italian image seller, as he proceeded on his way down one of the narrow, ill-paved streets of a little town in the Potteries.

"Who'll buy images? Vill you buy von, sir?"

The words were addressed to a little ill-clad boy, who gazed wistfully up at the miniature sculpture gallery on the head of the Italian vender. The collection was made up of copies in plaster of paris, from old and modern statues, mixed up with Prince Alberts, Wellingtons, and Napoleons crossing the Alps. There were some of Pradier's lovely representations of soft and delicate women, Canova's dancing girls, Venus, Isis, Apollo Belvedere, and a beautiful cast of the Boy extracting a Thorn.

"Vill you buy von?" repeated the dark-eyed Italian to the boy, who still followed, gazing eagerly at the miniature statuary aloft on the man's head.

The boy turned away with a sigh.

At that instant, a gentleman alighted from his horse, at the gateway of the large pottery of the little town, and looked about him for some one to hold his horse. He caught the eye of the boy, and beckoned him with his finger.

"Come here, my boy, and hold this horse for an instant; I'll be back presently."

The boy at once ran up, and took the reins of the horse to hold it; but still he gazed after the receding Italian, who paced slowly down the street, echoing his cry of "Images! Buy images!"

Nearly an hour passed, and the gentleman at last issued from the gateway.

"Come, my boy," said he, "I have kept you longer than I meant to do. Here's a shilling for you. Will that do?"

"O, yes, sir, and thank you, sir! thank you, indeed, sir!"

The boy was quite fervent in his repetitions of gratitude.

"You are a good little boy. What is your name? Where do you live?"

"In Back Lane, sir. My name's Aleck Williams. I want work, sir, if I can get it, for we are very poor."

"Why, we want boys now. Here, Davis," calling

to a man who had come out of the gateway after the gentleman, "here's a boy wants work. See if you can't take him on. I like the look of the lad. Find out who his mother is, and let me know to-morrow. Yes, my boy, you can come back here to-morrow. Davis will try and find some work for you."

"Thanks, sir, many thanks," said the boy. "I should like nothing better than to get set to work in the Pottery."

"Very well." And the gentleman rode away. Davis retired within the gates again; and the boy remained standing in the street, looking at the bright shilling in his hand. A thought seemed to strike him, and he darted off down the street, after the image seller.

He was nowhere to be seen. The boy peeped into the public house door: there were no images there. He glanced along the back lanes; the image seller, with his precious load, had disappeared. He had, doubtless, proceeded along the highway towards the next town. Away went the eager boy after him.

"He cannot have gone so far," said the boy to himself; "and I shall soon make up to him. Those beautiful images!"

A sharp turn of the road, which he had now reached, showed that he was right in his surmise.

The Italian rested under a hedge, which shaded him from the hot sun; and his miniature treasures of art were laid on the grass beside him. They looked still more beautiful than before, their dazzling white relieved against the fresh green of the hedgerow and the grass. The sun, which here and there streamed through the open foliage of the hedge, fell upon the figures, and brought out their beauties in glorious light and shade.

The boy had almost run himself out of breath, and he slowly approached the place where the Italian lay eating his bread and cheese. The man looked up and smiled.

"Vat, then, leetle boy: you vant to buy images? Very beautiful images!"

"O, they are, indeed," said the boy, "but I'm afraid they are too dear, and I am very poor."

"Vat you got? How mooch?"

"Only sixpence to spend," said the boy; "the other sixpence is for mother."

"O, you got von shilling! I give you beautiful cast for von shilling!"

"I cannot spend it all," said the boy, "but if you can let me have this"—pointing to the Boy and the Thorn—"for a sixpence, I'll give it you."

"Two leetle! It's worth two shillin'."

"Ah," sighed the boy, "then I cannot buy."

"But stop," said the Italian, as he seemed to be turning away; "you poor lad; me poor man too; but you love fine casts; you ver good taste—yes, ver good. Dat cast is after de antique——"

"And what may that be?" asked Aleck.

"Ancient art—de old statuary of my noble and glorious country—Italia, Rome! Hundreds of years, perhaps a thousand years ago, de bronze statue of dat boy stood in de Roman Capitol——"

The man shaded his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps thoughts of home, and of the bright, sunny south, the land of his birth, flashed across his brain. He sighed, and continued,—

"You see de beautiful proportions—so simple, graceful, and true. Ah, de old artists knew how to vork de grand statues! But look you here, boy; you love beautiful little casts. See dare, now!"

The Italian lifted a small square box from his tray, and taking therefrom a pair of small medallions, he held them up before the boy. They were a pair of copies from Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning"—two small circular medallion tablets, perhaps fuller of grace and beauty than any tablets of equal compass can display. Look at "Morning," bounding from her gorgeous eastern chamber, scattering roses on

her way; her sweet lips half opened, as if hymning praise to the Spirit of all good. You can almost fancy the air filled with sweet sounds—the song of the lark, the hum of bees, the lowing of cattle, the chitter of insects, rising up with a thousand voices to herald the Morning on her way. And then the unutterable grace, repose, sweetness, and quiet joy of that radiant Queen of the Day, floating in soft drapery, with the glad babe in her loving arms—borne onward in light and love through the sweet air. The second tablet represents the “Night,” with drooping head—the child nestling in the mother’s breast, while the owl flits abroad, with its *Tu-wit, Too-hoo!* and the weary sons of earth sink to rest after the toils of the day. Never before, in so small a compass, did the youth gaze on so large a treasure of beauty. He bowed his head over these pictures in plaster, and almost wept with joy.

What would buy them? Alas! here was but his poor sixpence, and he had already pledged it for the Boy and the Thorn. And the other sixpence he would keep sacred. That, at least, must be taken home to his poor mother, with whom sixpences were so scarce. He yielded up the medallions to the image seller, with the remark, from the depths of his soul, “O, how beautiful!”

The Italian seemed to be moved with the boy's reverent admiration of his treasures. "You cannot buy them?" he asked.

"No," said the boy, "I cannot. There is the sixpence for the cast: it's all I can spend now. Some other day, if I should ever see you again ——"

"I'll tell you vat," said the Italian, "you love art, my good boy; and as here is von of my "Mornings" vid a damage in her, I'll give it you. Dere, good boy! take her!"

The boy's eyes glistened with delight. He grasped the hand of the Italian, whose eyes glistened too. He overpowered him with his thanks; and the cast seller was more than repaid by the joy with which he had filled the heart of that ardent youth. Indeed, there is no luxury experienced by the poor equal to that which they feel when doing a kindness to one another.

The boy then prepared to set out home with his treasures, and the Italian to proceed upon his journey. They parted, after a tender leavetaking; for a friendship had already sprung up between these two — though born on soils separate from each other — through their common love of art; which, like a touch of nature, makes the whole world kin.

"And what is this that you have brought home with you, Aleck?" asked the mother, after the boy had told his story of the morning's adventure with the Pottery lord, and placed the reserved sixpence in her hand.

"It is a beautiful cast, which I have bought for only sixpence," said he; "and then look at this beauty!" holding up the medallion of "Morning" as he spoke.

"I see nothing in them," she coldly observed. "They are only bits of stucco. And you gave sixpence for such things! Well!" And in mute astonishment the mother held up her hands.

How often is it that the object which possesses so much beauty for one is but so much dead matter to another! Here the boy's whole soul had been moved, his very nature transformed and quickened into new life, by the sight of these objects, which to his mother were only so much stucco. Thus to some the great Creation of Raphael is only so much canvas, spoiled by colored earths spread upon it in oil; and grand old abbeys have not unfrequently been pulled down to build barns with: they were only so much misused stone and lime! Only the true artist sees a meaning in beautiful forms; and Aleck Williams had the temperament of a true artist, though but a boy.

But the prospect of his being taken on at the works was a thing which the mother could appreciate; for it meant bread, and meat, and clothes, and firing. And though the sixpence had been thrown away by her boy upon the "stucco things," she rejoiced in the good fortune which had otherwise befallen him.

In good time, Davis called at her house—found Mrs. Williams to be a very poor, but a frugal and cleanly woman, who bore a good character for industry and honesty among her neighbors. In fact, the boy could not have had a better character. His mother was unexceptionable. So he was taken into the Pottery, and set to work at first in the lowest department—that of driving the lathe wheel.

The boy conducted himself well, and was gradually advanced to higher departments. But we must mention the circumstance which led to his first decided rise.

One day, the master of the works, who exercised a kindly supervision over the boys, when passing through the place where Aleck labored, during the hour of rest, while the other boys were playing or lounging about, found Aleck silently occupied in a corner. What could the boy be about! He walked up to him, and glanced over his shoulder. The boy had

picked up some waste clay from about the lathe, and was busy modelling a clay figure after his cast of the Boy with the Thorn. Here was the first fruit of 'Buy images.'

"What, my boy," asked the master, "do *you* model? That is really very well done. Where have you learned this? Who has taught you? The modelling of that back is admirable. How is it you know any thing of this sort?"

The boy rose up, blushing scarlet. He could scarcely speak at first, caught, as he had been, in the act.

"I have only practised a little at home, sir. I like it, and I have a cast of this, which I am trying to copy. It's very badly done."

"Not at all. Davis, come here. Do you see that? The boy has a genius for this sort of thing. You must put him in the designing shop. He is too good for the wheel. The boy is an artist by nature."

"Very well, sir," said Davis; "I am glad you like the boy. He is a very diligent, well-conducted youth; and we haven't one in the place who is steadier or more attentive at his work."

"Good! good!" observed the kind master; "go on as you have begun, boy, and we'll soon make a man of you."

The boy had, however, the right stuff in him to make a man of himself. But a word of kindly encouragement, and a little help from an employer, at the right time, is worth untold gold to a diligent youth; and Aleck Williams was acutely sensitive to every word of praise or censure; though he was always most careful to avoid the latter by his steady good conduct.

At home, usually, by the fireside, Aleck busied himself in drawing his model Boy. Occasionally, he would bring from the Pottery a spoiled pattern sheet, and labor to copy it with his pencil. The art of modelling deer, and holly trees, shepherds and shepherdesses, birds and beasts, on the exterior of jugs and bowls, was then but in its infancy; still he labored to acquire this art. He was not satisfied with this, but attempted new designs; and he even aspired to model his favorite "Morning," as a design for a water jug!

Such efforts are never without their results. The mother often thought her boy was but wasting his time, and was even disposed to scold him because he did not run about and play like other boys. But Aleck's attraction was among his models, to which he was now able to add, by the expenditure of a sixpence or a shilling from time to time, though his

mother wondered at his passion for these "rubbish of stucco images." Indeed, Aleck sometimes feared lest they should be swept to the door. Nevertheless, he went on persevering, and aiming at excellence, though he knew it not.

Aleck was taken into the modelling shop, and, to the astonishment of his fellows of much greater age and longer standing than himself, he at once took rank as one of the best workmen. He was encouraged to design new patterns, the business of many of the best houses depending upon their superiority in this respect. He was left to follow his own tastes; and now his early models—his much despised "stucco things"—stood him in good stead. They had cultivated his taste, and educated him in art. He strove to model in the same style, and the sight of them, and of similarly pure designs, never failed to stimulate him to fresh efforts. He endeavored to design and to draw patterns in the same style; and he succeeded. The house became celebrated for its classical designs. They were even publicly praised. Orders flowed in; and the success of Aleck as a designer was decided. He distanced all his competitors.

The young man's foot was now on the ladder of fortune; but of fortune he had never thought. He but followed earnestly and purely the bent of his

own genius. His whole happiness was concentrated in his art. He lived thinking of it by night, and laboring at it by day. His designs were generally after the antique, by which he obtained, from day to day, increased means of studying; but many of his own original designs, especially of Cupids and children at play, with which he adorned the exterior of water jugs, were often extremely beautiful.

As he grew older, and came occasionally into contact with artists and men of influence, the advice was occasionally given to him to "turn artist, and devote himself to modelling and sculpture in their highest forms."

But his modest answer was, "No; I am satisfied if I can bring art, through means of the articles in daily use, into the homes of the people, even of the poorest. Let me design an object of beauty which, infinitely multiplied, may gladden thousands of eyes in all dwellings—which may teach beauty and grace from every tradesman's tea table, and every parlor chimney-piece, and every poor housewife's plate rack. I would rather labor to make art a familiar thing in the dwellings of the poor, than to cultivate it as a sickly exotic for the sculpture galleries of the rich."

In fact, Aleck had resolved to popularize art, and

extend its influence among the people; and with this end, he went on laboring in a high and noble spirit.

It would take too much space to detail the various stages of his progress. In all worldly respects he prospered. He removed his mother from Back Lane to a comfortable house on the outskirts of the town, whither he had all his early casts and models carefully removed—including his favorite Boy with the Thorn, and the chipped medallion of "Morning." He had long since been enabled to purchase more costly specimens. But these comparatively shabby casts were dear to him, as they had first awakened in him his intense admiration for the beautiful in art. His mother, growing old, learned to admire the character and the tastes of her noble son; and she no longer spoke a word in disparagement of his "stucco things."

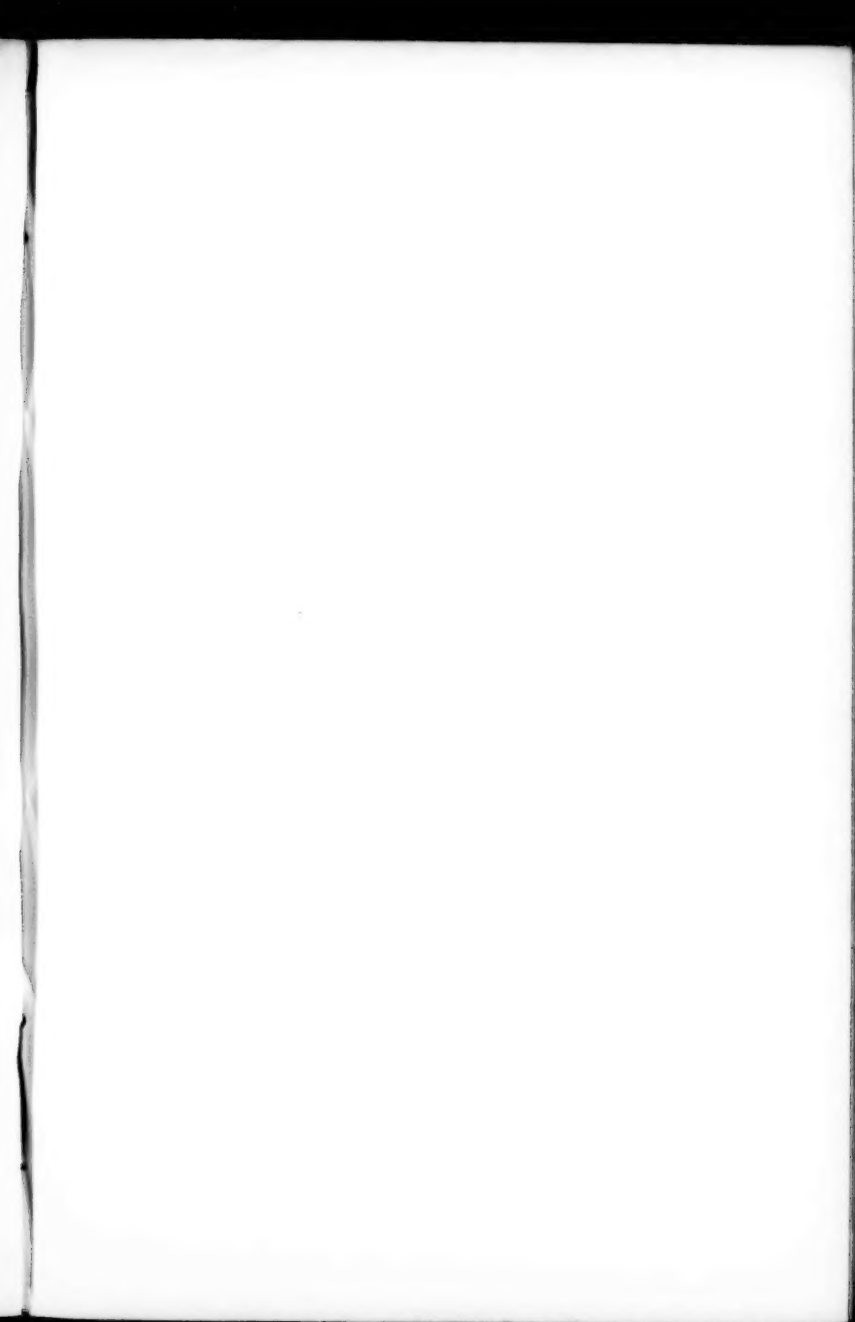
When Aleck heard the cry of "Buy images" now, he never failed to recall to mind his past encounter with the kindly Italian; and he peered in the faces of all the image men in the hope of recognizing him. But he never had the good fortune again to meet with his first helper in art.

In due time Aleck Williams's name was joined to his master's in the business which he had so greatly contributed to extend, and in a large measure to

create. The works were much enlarged, and many hundreds of additional hands were maintained in regular employment through his instrumentality. He established a school of design and modelling in connection with the works, together with evening classes and libraries, for the use of the workmen—remembering the difficulties which he had himself encountered in the earlier part of his career for want of such facilities.

In conclusion, it may be added, that at this day, the Porcelain and Parian statuettes, and the China and stone ware articles, manufactured by the firm of which the subject of this little sketch is now the active head, are universally acknowledged to be unequalled for their beauty and purity of design, as well as for their more substantial and useful qualities. Nor did any articles exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851 command more general admiration than those which were displayed at their table.

When any poor Italian, then, in future cries “Buy images” along the street, let the kind reader recall to mind the features of this little story.





St. Andrew's Fair

St. Andrew's Fair

TO ADA.

You "never loved me," Ada!—Those slow words
Dropped softly from your gentle woman's tongue,
Out of your true and tender woman's heart,
Dropped—piercing into mine like very swords,
The sharper for their brightness! Yet no wrong
Lies to your charge; nor cruelty, nor art;
Even while you spoke, I saw the ready teardrop start.

You "never loved me"!—No, you never knew—
You, with youth's dews yet glittering on your soul—
What 'tis *to love*; slow, drop by drop, to pour
Our life's whole essence, perfumed through and
through
With all the best we have, or can control,
For the libation; cast it down before
Your feet—then lift the goblet, dry forevermore!

I shall not die, as foolish lovers do:
A man's heart beats beneath this breast of mine;

The breast where—curse on that fiend's whispering,
"It might have been!" Ada, I will be true
Unto myself—the self that worshipped thine.
May all life's pain, like those few tears that spring
For me, glance off as raindrops from my white dove's
wing.

May you live long, some good man's bosom flower,
And gather children round your matron knees!
Then, when all this is past, and you and I
Remember each our youth but as an hour
Of joy—or torture; one, serene, at ease,
May meet the other's grave yet steadfast eye,
Thinking, "He loved me well!"—clasp hands, and
so pass by.

COOKING FOR A HUSBAND.

"My dear," said Mr. Katzenstein, coming hurriedly in from his office. Mr. Katzenstein was head partner in a German firm, but had been naturalized as an Englishman, and married an English wife. "My dear, here is an overpowering honor about to fall upon us."

"Goodness, Edward, I hope it won't crush us!"

"Nonsense, my dear; listen to me. You know ——, the great German poet, dear to all the hearts of the *Vaterlande*." Mr. Katzenstein was becoming enthusiastic. "Well, he is over, and I have been introduced to him; and he is coming to dine with us to-day, to take *pot-look*, as the English call it."

"——!" cried Mrs. Katzenstein.

Before we go any further, we will invent a name for our celebrity. It will never do to let the Katzensteins keep calling him ——, and ——, during several hours' visit; so, if our readers please, we will just dub him at once Blumenwald.

"Blumenwald! Franz Blumenwald!" cried Mrs. Katzenstein. "What in the world shall we do with him? And coming to take pot-luck, too! O Edward, you never played me a worse trick than this."

"Never mind, my dear. Set Lily to work, and I have no doubt all will go right. Have a nice little dinner — nothing ostentatious, mind; and get up some of that saurkraut out of the cellar. He's a trump at saurkraut, I understand — eats it at all hours of the day. Meanwhile I will go and get a parcel of good cigars."

So saying, the worthy man — who was chiefly noticeable for a pair of prominent blue eyes, and a head too large for his body — left the room, just as his daughter Lily entered it.

"Lily, my love," exclaimed her maternal parent, "here is a pretty to-do. Such a visitor! You must do your very best, Lily. We can't get fresh fish to-day. A little good gravy soup, and a couple of fowls, with some of that nice ham, would do very well."

"Yes, mamma."

"And, Lily, if you could just whip up a few of those German creams, which your aunt Rosalie taught you how to make when she was over ——"

"All shall be right, mamma."

"Mr. Blumenwald."

"Who, mamma?" hastily inquired Lily, for the first time manifesting some interest in the expected visitor.

"Franz Blumenwald, my dear — the poet."

"O, mamma, the great, grand Blumenwald."

Lily was a true German maiden of a certain type; fair, plump, large, outwardly phlegmatic, — except when unusually excited, as on the present occasion, — inwardly dreamy, enthusiastic, given to reveries and transcendentalism. In countenance she resembled her father, and yet few would have liked to say so; for his starting visual orbs were, in her face, transformed into tender, floating organs, celestial as those of a loving seraph; and the only trace of his immense head, visible in hers, was the broad, placid forehead. Then who would object to the slight over-fulness of that bewitching mouth, revealing, as it did every moment, the rows of pearls within? In short, our heroine was a lovely specimen of mild, gentle, peaceful womanhood; and when her long golden tresses were disposed in their most becoming form, she might well have passed for a Madonna of the old Flemish masters.

With all Lily's romance, she had a fund of good plain sense at bottom, that never suffered her to neglect the duties of the hour. Upon leaving her

mother's presence on this eventful day, she gave one short five minutes to the idea of the great personage whom they were about to entertain, and then her very delight spurred her on to hasten into the large, commodious kitchen, there to consult with the cook, and afterwards personally superintend the preparations for their improvised dinner. Lily was attired as every sensible housekeeper ought to be, when attending to her morning duties; that is, she had on a neat, well-made, printed dress, not *too* long, with collar of snowy white; and her hair was nicely out of the way. So there was nothing to hinder her setting to work at once, while the cook stepped out to buy the fowls, about a little scheme of her own, of which we shall say nothing more at present.

Dear Lily! It would have done your heart good to see how tidily she moved about; how she whipped the creams, and flavored the soup, and got out the best china, and polished the decanters, and counted the wine glasses, tall and short, and fetched up from the cellar the bitter ale, and porter, and wine, taking care to select a couple of bottles of her father's primest hock, for she knew well that the poet loved this sparkling drink; she had read it in some of his choicest lyrics. Nor was the saurkraut forgotten, though her mother had omitted to mention it in her first

directions; and when that good lady called to her daughter as she was passing the door of the dining room an hour before dinner, "Lily, Lily, I never told you to get up the saurkraut," she was answered by a composed "Yes, mamma, it is all ready in the large china dish." For Lily had turned her reading to good account here again, and promptly understood this second predilection of the great man.

It was half past four o'clock, and all was ready. The drawing room looked pleasant, bright, warm, English; the lady of the house handsome and smiling, in her black satin gown, and French cap trimmed with roses. Sweet Lily was attired as became her comely gentleness, in a clear white muslin, decorated with the palest pink ribbons, her shining hair falling in large, soft curls over either temple, and descending to her well-formed shoulders; her blue eyes lighted up with a mingled joy of delight and expectation. The door bell sounded a peal; the tidy parlor maid hastened to open it; the quick, bustling step of Mr. Katzenstein ascended the stairs, followed by a slow and stately footfall, and the host and his guest entered.

It is the most difficult thing in the world to imagine an individual's appearance from any description of his person, however elaborate. Hence we are continually baffled, and all our ideas reversed, upon

an introduction to those whom we have hitherto known only by report. Such was not exactly the case with Lily Katzenstein. She had met with a portrait of the poet, in the frontispiece to a collection of his poems, and it happened to be tolerably like. Yet she was not prepared for the extreme majesty of his lofty stature, for the clear, penetrating glance of his hazel eye, or the magnificence of the auburn locks that curled and clustered around the high, pale brow, marked by a prominent vein. What with her former imaginations, her present impressions, and the immense distance that she fancied must exist between a simple maiden like herself and the colossal genius before her, poor Lily was well nigh overwhelmed; and when her father brought their distinguished guest up to where she stood, trembling and shrinking like a white rose in a cold blast, and the proud glance of those hazel eyes rested for a moment on her fair countenance, she would willingly have been spared the introduction that followed. She was not, however, called upon to say much; a mutual bow, and the poet turned away, and devoted himself to her mother.

It was plain that Franz Blumenwald was not particularly gallant; nay, one would almost have conjectured that he was wanting in a perception of the

beautiful, or how could he have so disdained the drooping Lily, as not to cast another glance towards her? But his very neglect gradually restored her self-possession; and she remained in a trance of delight, listening to his brilliant conversation, as he flew from topic to topic, illustrating and idealizing all by the light of his marvellous genius. And when, dinner being announced, he offered his arm to her mother, and led her down stairs, the maiden's only uneasy thought, as she followed with her father, was as to whether the cook had thoroughly understood her directions in regard of a certain dish.

"Take some saurkraut?" inquired Mr. Katzenstein, as the meal proceeded.

"Certainly." And the poet helped himself very unpoetically, and devoured an immense plateful—as it were unconsciously. It was a weakness, a foible of genius.

"My dear," said Mrs. Katzenstein to her daughter, who had not yet spoken a word beyond, "If you please," and "Thank you,"—"my dear, what is this?"

The servant had just uncovered a dish that had not entered into Mrs. Katzenstein's calculations.

"I will trouble you," said the poet, sending up his plate. "This dish," he remarked, "is endeared to me by associations connected with a particular epoch

of my life. But I was not aware that this peculiar preparation was known in England. I presume, Mr. Katzenstein, that you have imported it."

"Not I, my dear sir; I do not meddle with those matters. It must be Lily's fancy; but where she got the recipe, I cannot imagine."

This, then, was Lily's secret; she acknowledged the fact by her sparkling eyes and heightened color. The poet looked at her, and for the first time a gleam of admiration softened the piercing brightness of his glance. Are, then, the greatest of men to be influenced through so vulgar a medium as that of the palate?

However this may be, it is certain that the poet forthwith condescended to bestow a portion of his conversation upon our heroine, addressing her directly from time to time, but seldom eliciting more than a monosyllable. At length, apparently finding it labor in vain, he desisted, but his eye frequently travelled towards her; and once their glances met, and though Lily's eyelashes immediately descended upon her cheek, she had read something in the bright hazel orbs that made her thrill all over.

The remainder of the visit passed as such visits usually do, and Franz Blumenwald departed. It was his intention to leave for the north, he had said, in

the course of conversation, and another of those singular glances had thrilled Lily's heart as he said it. But she went quietly on with her crochet work, looking a very emblem of peace and innocence, until discovering that a rosette was missing from the front of her bodice, she bent down to search for it. It was not to be found, and she resumed her employment. As the poet made his final bow, she discovered an end of pink ribbon peeping from his waistcoat pocket. Could it be? An odd kind of feeling prevented her from making the inquiry that rose to her lips, and he was gone.

That evening, on returning to bed somewhat late, Lily took from a private drawer the book in which she recorded the events and reflections of each passing day. We should like to persuade our young readers to keep a diary. If a succession of such records could be carefully and securely laid up during the years of a long life, the owner would have a truer estimate of the value of slight occurrences, would acquire a clearer view of the minute hinges on which turn the good or evil, the prosperity or adversity, of our lives, than we can ever otherwise expect to arrive at. And what novel could equal in interest such a collection as this? We all *live* novels, did we but know it. But it is time to take a peep at Lily's diary.

Seated at her dressing table, her shining hair safe in its embracing curl papers, her white dressing gown falling around her like the robe of a glorified saint, rapidly, and in some agitation, she wrote thus:—

“Thursday, May 25. What a poor, trembling fool I have been! He, the long-time idol of my heart, he, un hoped for and unexpected, has been in the same room, breathing the same atmosphere. I have drunk in the fire of his eloquence, have met the glance of his piercing eye, have been spoken to by him, gently, condescendingly, and yet I have not had a word to say in reply. What will he think of me? Tomorrow I shall be forgotten, or remembered only as the most sheepish and awkward girl he ever met with. If I could but have spoken, have told him that his poems ——: but it is all a vain dream. I am evidently good for nothing but to cook; the only incense I can offer my idol is the steaming fumes of savory dishes. That he, the great, sublime genius, would deign to look favorably upon such a one as I, was the mere doting of a foolish brain; yet what did that expression mean? And again, when he went away?

“These geniuses *are* absent, just as people say. My poor rosette, thou art little conscious of the honor done thee. He doubtless espied thee lying on the

floor, and forthwith, without a thought, crammed thee into his pocket.

"*Weh mir!* I could not even speak to him in his own beloved language. Foolish Lily! go drudging on to old maidenhood; cook, crochet, pay wearisome calls, dress, dance, sing, play, and draw—thou hast missed the mate of thy heart.

"I wonder if the moon shines in at his window, lighting up those sublime features, now wrapped in placid slumber. I should like to gaze on him thus; he would no longer daunt me. —"

While Lily was writing thus, by the light of a waning taper, Franz Blumenwald sat in his apartment at the hotel, smoking a cigar; so continually opposed on this queer earth are fancies and realities. Before him stood a bottle of some light wine, beside him pen, ink, and paper, and a pink satin bow. He rose from his chair, stirred the fire English fashion, walked to his travelling desk, which leaned against a chair, placed it on the table, and took from it a small square book, in which he proceeded to write the following record in his native language, which we take the liberty of translating for the benefit of our readers:—

"May 25, 18—. Some days form turning-points in our world destinies. Fair, sublime, soft-floating

maiden, whose transparent robes wave like wings around thy majestic form, thou little suspectest that a heart is laid at thy feet, to raise into Elysium, or to trample the lifeblood thereout. Never before met I with a silent woman. But this maiden dwells in a perpetual tranquillity, that is better than speech; while her eye, love-laden, wafts a thousand tidings to him that can understand.

“While her hand, white as a snow flake, dispensed the hospitalities of her father’s table, methought my lost and lovely Emilie sat beside me. It was again the happy anniversary day of our marriage, when my adored wife smilingly placed my favorite dish before me, and kissing my brow, said, ‘This from thy Emilie’s heart, my Franz.’ We ever afterwards called it the *Herz-blumen*; and when my wife passed into the eternal world, like a silvery mist fading before the light of morning, I swore in my heart that never more should it beat for any woman who came not with the *Herz-blumen*. Yesterday I saw the dish again for the first time; and thou, white-floating Lily, art my wife, if love of poet can win thee.”

This may appear to be very fanciful and nonsensical to our matter-of-fact English readers; but if they will take the trouble to look into any accredited translation of German rhapsody, they will find pas-

sages a thousand times more so. And whether they like it or not, the fact of the diary stands there unalterable.

We know not how the poet commenced his wooing. No doubt it would be like himself—that is to say, unlike every body else. Suffice it to say, that he did *not* proceed to the north; that he wrote to delay his return home; and that one fine day, two months afterwards, when I chanced to pop somewhat unceremoniously into the Katzensteins' handsome drawing room, I found myself an unlooked-for witness of an interesting family scene. Mr. Katzenstein leant back in his easy chair, with a handkerchief over his eyes. His wife, with more composure, was extending her hand to the poet; who, with his arm round the waist of the fair and almost fainting Lily, stood proudly upright, radiant with happiness and love. His hazel eye no longer shed the icy beam that had somewhat displeased me when I had been introduced to him, a few weeks before. It now floated in softened lustre; and turning gently towards the intruder, he quietly said, "Come forwards, my good sir. I beg to present my bride."

We suppose our readers are aware that, with the Germans, a woman is called a bride immediately upon her betrothal.

So the fair Lily had fallen in with a husband to her taste; though we question if our young English ladies would not have looked somewhat coolly upon a man who could treat them so cavalierly on the first meeting. *Mais chacun à son goût.* It is better than being a slave before marriage, and a tyrant afterwards.

BY THE SEA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN tired of towns, and pining sore
For change to healthful ground,
Thou turn'st from crowds—still at the core
Feeling thy heart's worst wound;
When thou hast knocked at every door,
Yet no admittance found;
At every door where Pleasure in
Glides with a sunny grace,
But which thine own bale barreth up
From thee,—then seek a place
Where gates of stone and brass are none
To frown thee in the face.

The woods have walks, where thou mayst find
A balm to salve thy grief;
And in and out where waters wind
Are sources of relief,

In which, if thou wilt bathe the mind,
Thou'lt have no comfort brief,
But peace—that falleth like the dew;
For every thing that shows
God's sunshine speaketh marvels true
Of mercy and repose,
And joy, in rural scenes, beyond
All that the loud world knows.

Yet more than wood or woodland rill
Can give of keen delight,
We glean from ocean margins, till
The spirit—at the sight
Of all its range of changeful change—
Becometh, like it, bright;
Bright when the sunlight on it falls,
Or grave and grand when, dark,
The shadowy night lets down its pall
Upon each human ark;
And every surge seems but to urge
Extinction of life's spark.

A change, an always active change,
An everness of grace,
Of grace and grandeur, takes its range
Over the ocean's face:

As in a book for thoughts men look,
Thoughts in it we can trace;
A thought to turn us from ourselves
And all our petty cares —
A thought to move the spirit's love
To God and God's affairs;
And thereby give to all that live
The sympathy that spares —

That spares our brother man from blame,
And pities him when o'er
His nature come such clouds of shame
As menaced us before:
God only can the sea swell tame,
The mental peace restore.
Look on the ocean, then, and feel
Its turmoil and its calm
Arouse or tranquillize thy mind —
A stimulant or balm;
A thundertone to make thee think,
Or gently-soothing psalm.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE leaf which I am about to transcribe will be found to be only, in a slight degree, the record of my own personal observation; but I do not the less feel confident in its general accuracy, inasmuch as my informants could have had no motive for mystifying or misleading me—a postulate of great importance in estimating the credibility of the most trustworthy persons. There are one or two blanks in the narrative which I might indeed inferentially fill up; but this I have no doubt the reader will do quite as well for him or herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reeves were, I believe, both natives of Clifton, Bristol. Certainly the husband was the son and sole offspring of a wealthy, but somewhat feeble-minded gentleman, who had long resided there. Edward Reeves was the issue of a second marriage, and his father was again a widower at the age of sixty-three: in less than two years afterwards—having been, I suppose, wonderfully happy in his

choice of previous partners—the old gentleman ventured—rash gamester!—for a third prize in the connubial lottery, and drew—a widow, one Mrs. Halliday, the handsomest, cleverest, and poorest of two sisters; her sole wealth, her brilliant eyes, her silver tongue, her houri smile, and two fine children—boys. Alas! the brilliant eyes, the silver tongue, the houri smile, seen by the light of common day, which in this instance dawned upon the matrimonial horizon in something less than a fortnight after the “happy” one, proved to be mere shams—surface lacker—elaborate deceit. A disastrous union it was soon found to be for Edward Reeves, his young, gently-nurtured wife, and their children, Jonathan and Mabel. The orange blossoms of the bride were cypress wreaths to them—funereal emblems of departing peace and competence. The old story, in such cases, quickly developed itself. The senile bridegroom lapsed into a nonentity without a serious struggle; and little Jonathan happening one day to thresh Master Halliday, a boy of about his own age, (seven years,) for spiteful usage to his sister Mabel, accelerated the catastrophe. The antagonistic parties could no longer inhabit the same house; Edward Reeves and family removed to a cottage in the vicinity, and the son was thenceforth a stranger to his father’s dwelling, till he received a

formal invitation to attend his funeral, and the reading of his will. "In the name of God, Amen!" rasped out the shaky voice of Randall, the attorney—a worthy man, though a lawyer. "I, Jonathan Reeves, being of sound mind, and in full possession of all my faculties, hereby give and bequeath to Maria, my beloved wife, all and sundry the estate, real and personal, of which I may die seized and possessed: to wit——" A fierce outcry, natural, if unseemly, under such circumstances, interrupted the reader. It came from the beggared son, who had leaped to his feet in wild dismay as the lawyer's words of doom—for such they truly were—fell upon his ear. But the utter consternation and despair of the revived man were too terrible and giant-like for articulate utterance; and after one or two abortive efforts at speech, he sank on the floor in a fit. The usual bustle ensued—the usual remedies were applied; Edward Reeves was restored to consciousness, and conveyed home. The formal reading of the will was completed; the hearers went their several ways; and the tiny segment of the world's great circle in which the incident occurred revolved again pretty much in its old course—except, indeed, as regarded the disinherited son and those dependent on him. To be sure, every body said it was a scandalous will—a downright

robbery of the legitimate heir; but every body also smiled graciously or fawningly, as the case might be, upon the fair and fortunate legatee; and every body that could cheerfully ate her dinners, and gayly quaffed her wines. The property thus uxoriously disposed of amounted to about twenty-five hundred a year, besides the personals, and was devised absolutely to the widow, with the remainder to *her* sons, unless she otherwise determined by will; even pretty little Mabel, of whom her grandfather was so fond and proud, was not left so much as a keepsake.

I know little concerning the legally-plundered family during the following nine or ten years, except that Edward Reeves never thoroughly recovered from the shock inflicted by his father's will, and that his wife, a meek-hearted, loving woman, but, like her husband, of no great force or energy of character, participated his wearing grief and resentments, and descended step by step with him to a premature grave. They were withdrawn, I understood, somewhat suddenly, and within two or three weeks of each other, to that brighter and better land, but for whose auroral promise this earth of ours were so drear a Golgotha, strewn with mouldering bones, and withered hopes, and breaking hearts. Neither can I relate the precise gradations of descent in the social scale passed

through by the unfortunate family, till, at the period of the father and mother's decease, they occupied a poorly-furnished second floor in Redcliffe Street, Bristol, nearly opposite the church. I fancy, however, remembering to have heard that business of some sort was attempted by Edward Reeves, with money obtained through the intervention of Mrs. Robinson, the usurping legatee's sister, and a very decent person, let me add, although, from inferiority of worldly circumstances, greatly in awe of her lucky relative. Be this correct or not, Jonathan Reeves had been apprenticed to a working jeweller, and when his parents died, was within a twelvemonth of finishing his time. Mabel, two years her brother's junior, had not then left her poor home; chained there as she was by love for her heart-broken parents, though frequently offered a comfortable asylum, by sympathizing friends, in interchange for such light service as she could render. That lingering tie had snapped, and the fair girl's hesitating step trembled at length upon the threshold of the world she feared, yet longed to enter. I can readily believe all I have heard of Mabel Reeve's singular attractiveness as a girl, from what I saw of her when a matron. It was easy then to trace the yet lingering elastic grace, the slight, but finely-rounded outline of her charming figure; the

delicately fair, pale, rose-tinted features, which, lit meekly up with guileless eyes of blue, and shrined with downfalling golden hair, caused the dullest-visioned passer-by to pause in instinctive admiration of the beauteous flower, fresh, as it seemed, from the hand of God, and still radiant with the angel light of paradise. Jonathan was not uncomely, but it was difficult — so strongly marked was the contrast between the sombre, saturnine intelligence of his aspect, and the innocent candor, the almost infantine simplicity of hers — to believe they were such near relatives. Yet were they true and loving ones. Jonathan Reeves loved his sister beyond all things, — even money! — and Mabel's affection for her brother was as deep and earnest as it was confiding and unselfish. They differed as widely in turn of mind and disposition as they did personally. The clouds of life passed over, and left no lasting trace upon Mabel's joyous, kindly temperament, and she was ever forgiving as a child. Jonathan, on the contrary, brooded with revengeful rancor over the wrongs of his family, and pursued with his bitterest maledictions those who had caused and profited by its downfall; evil wishes, which, however provoked, generally, as the Arabic proverb hath it, "come like domestic fowls home to roost."

Mabel went to live with a Mrs. Houston, of Clifton,

in a kind of hybrid capacity, compounded of lady's maid and companion. Mrs. Houston greatly disliked the rich and handsome widow Reeves, (though on quite civil visiting terms with her,) chiefly — so friendly gossips sneered — because she *was* rich and handsome; and dearly the patronizing lady loved to parade before their mutual acquaintance the interesting girl rendered destitute, but for Mrs. Houston's interposition, by the infamous will — goodness knows how obtained — of her imbecile grandfather. Mabel was, however, very well treated by her somewhat ostentatious patroness, and her education was sedulously advanced. Her improvement was so marked and rapid, that her brother grew impatient, almost jealous, of the change. It seemed to be creating a gulf between them; other *indices* relating to her augmented his chagrin and disquietude.

"These Sunday visits to your brother, Mabel," he broke out one day, with a bitterness lately but too habitual with him, "are becoming wearisome and distasteful to you. These narrow rooms, this shabby furniture, contrast miserably with Mrs. Houston's gilded saloons."

"O Jonathan, how can you be so cruel — so unjust!" exclaimed poor Mabel, with suffused eyes and trembling voice.

"I have noticed this impatience—this growing alienation—this disgust—call it what you will—for months past," resumed the brother, with increasing violence. "And tell me," he added, with quick anger, and pausing in his hasty striding to and fro to seize her by the arm, and look with menacing sternness in her face—"tell me who was the perfumed fop I saw you with in the Park on Thursday last: answer quickly, and without equivocation, or the God of heaven——"

"I with!" stammered the pale, startled girl—"I with! you mistake, Jonathan. There were several——"

"Yes, yes, I know; Mrs. Houston and half a dozen others were of the party—a gay assemblage, Mabel, which your vulgar brother dare not profane by a too close approach. But this beringleted, bewhiskered *gentleman* I speak of was with *you*; affected to be conscious of no other's presence; walked, whispered, at your side; and you, Mabel, you smiled upon his insulting courtesies. Mabel," continued the excited young man, after vainly waiting a few moments for a reply, "Mabel, you do not answer. Once—once!" he added, in a changed and lower tone, but fierce and deadly as the hissing of a serpent—"once, as twilight was falling, I caught a nearer view of his face, and it flamed through me that I had seen it

before; that — But no, it could not be: to suppose that of our murdered mother's child were ——”

“O Jonathan!” sobbed Mabel, “you will break my heart.”

“Nay, forgive me, Mabel,” exclaimed the brother, with sudden revulsion of feeling; “forgive the blaspheming thought that for a moment wronged you. Dear child, how could I be so mad!”

“Dear Jonathan! dear brother!” murmured the weeping girl, as her head sank upon his shoulder; but her eyes, he noticed, were steadfastly averted, as if dreading to encounter his.

“I am rash as fire, at times, dear Mabel,” said the brother, after a lengthened silence, “and utter words without sense or purpose. But we will talk of this matter calmly, wisely, as friendless orphans in this bad world should. You, sweet sister, possess in a peerless degree the dangerous gift of beauty; men such as he with whom I saw you in eager converse look upon beauty in our class of society as a toy, as ——”

“*Our* class of society,” echoed Mabel, flushing scarlet; “surely we are as well born, of lineage as reputable, as any of Mrs. Houston's friends or visitors. The difference between us is in the accident of riches only — nothing else.”

“Of riches only — nothing else!” shouted Jonathan

Reeves, with a renewed paroxysm of anger mingled with scorn, and casting his sister off as he sprang impetuously to his feet. "'Riches only,' quoth she, as if—great God!—riches were not the be-all and the end-all of this nether world!—the prime distinction between base and noble—vice and virtue—and did not sunder men as widely as earth is from heaven! Riches *only*, forsooth! Hark ye, girl," he added, "you are on the verge of a precipice, and by Heaven ——"

He spoke to deaf ears. Mabel had fainted. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, a hack coach was called, and Jonathan escorted her to Clifton, the silence between them only broken by a mutual "good night." The next day he gave Mrs. Houston written notice that, on that day month, Mabel Reeves would return to his, her legal guardian's, home.

It was soon apparent that Mabel Reeves was extremely averse to compliance with her brother's wishes or commands. She grew dull, melancholy, absent, and reserved in manner, and appeared to dread that till she attained her majority—and it wanted a whole twelvemonth of that—she would be little better than a prisoner in his house. A day or two before the expiration of the stipulated term, the brother received a hurriedly scrawled note from Mrs. Houston. Mabel

had fled! To London it was rumored, but with whom (if with any body) nobody could conjecture. She had been gone five or six hours before the discovery was made. Finally, Mrs. Houston wished to see Mr. Reeves instantly.

The brother tore the note to atoms, and sped off with frantic speed towards Clifton. Before Mrs. Houston, who was painfully agitated, could utter a word, Jonathan Reeves broke in with "Those vipers — the Hallidays, I mean — are in the habit of visiting here; James, the youngest, especially. Is that so?"

"Yes, certainly, they are; but ——"

He did not wait the conclusion of the sentence, and in a minute or two he was thundering at the mansion of the dowager Mrs. Reeves. The servant who opened the door was instantly thrust aside, and, guided by the voices he heard within, Jonathan Reeves burst unannounced into the dining room. "My sister," he gasped — "thieves — plunderers — devils — where is my sister?"

The company thus flatteringly addressed were Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Robinson, and the two Messrs. Halliday. They stared at each other, and at the questioner, their looks indicating not so much surprise or alarm, as concern and irresolution.

"We have heard something of this unhappy

business," said Mrs. Robinson ; "but be assured no one here has been privy to or aided your sister's flight."

"You — you answer," shouted Reeves, addressing the gentlemen ; "it is you I suspect, not your aunt."

"My aunt's answer is mine," said the older Halliday ; "and I deeply grieve ——"

"Perdition to your grief and you ! And now, sir, *your* reply. What say *you* ?"

Mr. James Halliday sat in the shadow of the heavy window curtains, and it was growing dusk, so that his face could not be distinctly seen ; but his voice was firm enough as he replied, "I have nothing to say : it is now three or four days since I last saw Miss Reeves."

The baffled querist glared bewilderedly, for a few minutes, from one to the other, and then muttered aloud, but speaking to himself, "It may be as they say. They are certainly both here, and she gone ; gone — six hours since. But if she be hidden in the bowels of the earth, I'll find her."

He then rushed out of the house as madly as he had entered it, reached home, provided himself with money, and left per mail for London the same evening. A fortnight afterwards he returned, haggard, worn, half crazed — without Mabel.

Again a gap occurs in this roughly-connected nar-

rative, extending over eighteen years and upwards; and when I again reknit its broken thread, it is the month of March, 1812—at which time it happened that I visited Bristol on some legal business, in which Mr. Randall, the solicitor, was concerned, and thus became a hearer and spectator of the last act in this curious domestic drama.

Jonathan Reeves, I must first state, was still a bachelor, and resided in Redcliffe Street, but nearer towards Bedminster Bridge than he formerly lodged, where he kept a small working jeweller's shop. He was still poor; and not only so in purse, but in heart and spirit. Years of senseless repining and unavailing regrets had done their work upon him, aided, it is grievous to record, by the ravages of drink, to which fatal propensity he had gradually addicted himself; so that, not yet forty, he was already an aged man. Mabel he had never seen nor heard of, directly, but he had every year received parcels containing presents of some value, which could only come from her, and denoting that, at all events, she was not suffering from poverty. There was no address given, no line written; but every parcel contained a lock of golden hair; and strangely enough, the brother thought the well-remembered color did not suffer change from age—nay, the very last he had received was positively,

he was sure, more brightly golden than that which he had hoarded up some fifteen years before. Mrs. Reeves, his grandfather's wealthy relict, still lived—in London, he believed; but it warmed the sickness of his cankered heart to know—in paralytic helplessness, as well as deep mental gloom, caused by the untimely passing away, within a twelvemonth of each other, of her two sons, who had both died unmarried. Charles Robinson would therefore—unless in a fit of caprice she disinherited him; and she was, people said, as vengefully capricious, as much dominated by selfish and obdurate passions, as when life was young with her—come ultimately into possession of the greatly-improved and augmented property.

This is all, I think, I have to set down respecting the interval of eighteen years and upwards, which terminated in March, 1812. In that month the long-desired letter from his sister reached Jonathan Reeves. It was affectionate, but reserved and brief in regard to her flight from Bristol, and subsequent existence; and it was stated that the time for a full explanation was still, in all probability, far distant. She was a widow, and alone, and yearned to find herself once more in the home of her brother. She should not be a burden to him, having enough (though barely so) for her own maintenance. She would be in Bristol

on the fourth day after the receipt of the letter, which was subscribed "Mabel," only.

"You are but little altered, Mabel," said Jonathan Reeves, after the first rapturous emotions that swelled his heart on again embracing his long-lost sister had somewhat subsided; "still beautiful, though more sedately so, perhaps; ay, and I think more hopeful too: but surely, Mabel, this hair, thinner than I once knew it, is scarcely so bright and glossy as the locks you lately sent me."

Mabel colored a little, and replied, "You fancy so; that's all."

"It may be as you say: a widow, and recently," he added, glancing at her dress.

"Yes, dear Jonathan. I wrote you so."

"And children — none?"

"One only," replied the sad mother, with bowed head and husky voice, "and she has been taken from me."

A long silence ensued, suddenly broken by Jonathan Reeves. "Did you know, Mabel, that Mrs. Robinson — that woman's sister — has returned to Clifton within the last month, and resides in the old place?"

"I have heard so."

"Her son Charles is now the lawful heir; is he not?"

"It would appear so, unless our grandfather's widow should will it otherwise: she has the power to do so."

"That is not likely, I think. Mrs. Robinson is a kind woman enough: I have worked for her often. The old dreams are gone, Mabel, and harsh necessity has humbled my pride. She has sent to say I must not forget to call on her to-morrow, on business. You are tired — good night."

"You would have been amused, Mabel," remarked Jonathan Reeves, as he sat down to tea the next evening, on his return from Clifton, "to hear how anxious Mrs. Robinson is concerning you. Over and over did she cross examine me, to find out what she said you *must* have confided to me of past events; and yet I thought she seemed pleased when satisfied that I knew nothing. Is not this a splendid diamond?" added the jeweller, holding a large, old-fashioned ring, encircling a magnificent jewel, to the light, upon which his gray, eager eyes were fixed all the time he had been speaking — "clumsily set, but of the finest water, and very, very valuable, from its size and color. It was grandfather's," he added quickly; "part of the rich spoil of which we were plundered. It should be ours, Mabel."

"Yes, perhaps so, in fairness and equity; but in law it belongs to Mrs. Reeves. Tell me," continued

Mabel, in her turn speaking with quick nervousness, "did you notice any body—any stranger—that is, any body I know, I mean—either—no matter—with Mrs. Robinson?"

"Let me see. Her son was at home, and there was a young woman with her I hardly can be said to have seen,—Miss Murray I think they called her,—a sort of humble companion. Ah, you tremble and change color. You are ill."

"No, no, a slight faintness; that's all."

The jeweller's thoughts quickly reverted to the diamond. "I think," he said, "this jewel, which, as you say, is ours in fairness and equity, must be at least worth two hundred pounds."

"To us that can matter little," replied his sister, quietly. "You had better put it away in a safe place at once. I shall take a walk," added Mabel, "as far as Mr. Randall's: he lives in Queen's Square—does he not?"

"Yes, on the left hand side from here—name on a brass plate. At least two hundred pounds," Mabel heard her brother mutter as she closed the door, his fascinated gaze still riveted upon the flashing diamond. "At least that sum—and we so poor."

Jonathan Reeves's almost continually absorbed contemplation of the diamond, and muttered comments

on its value, at length raised a feeling of alarm in Mabel's mind, which closer observation but heightened and confirmed. The resetting had been for some time finished, but Reeves was always ready with an excuse for not parting with it. This appeared unaccountable, till Mabel discovered that he had been industriously engaged in the preparation of a paste imitation, which, in size, cutting, and, as far as possible, in lustre and color, was a fac-simile of the true jewel. Such a matter required to be promptly and decidedly dealt with, and Mabel was pondering how to proceed, when a lucky chance relieved her from all difficulty. Her brother was out, and Mrs. Robinson's footman called for the ring. Mr. Charles Robinson was engaged out that evening, he said, and must have it. Mabel desired no better, and instantly delivered it to the messenger. Before going away, the man happened to casually remark, that Mrs. Robinson had been summoned to London about a week previously, he believed, in consequence of alarming reports concerning her sister's health—a piece of news which so flurried and agitated Mabel, and so completely drove all thoughts of the diamond out of her head, that it was not till her brother had been ransacking the shop for several minutes in search of the missing treasure, that she remembered to tell him it had been sent

home. The intelligence literally dumfounded him; he stared and trembled as if utterly overwhelmed with surprise and dismay; and when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he went about the house moaning and lamenting as if he were demented or had sustained some grievous irreparable loss; and all night long his sister heard him pacing up and down his chamber, as restless and perturbed as during the day.

About three o'clock on the following afternoon, Jonathan Reeves arrived at Clifton, and asked to speak with Mr. Charles Robinson: his request was complied with, and he told the young gentleman that he had called to place a foil beneath the diamond; it should have been done before it left his shop, had he been at home when it was called for, and would add greatly to its brilliancy. The young man carelessly consented, and told Reeves to go into his dressing room, where he would find the ring on a toilet table. The job did not occupy much time, for scarcely three minutes elapsed before the jeweller reappeared, bowed hurriedly to Mr. Charles Robinson, said it was all right, and hastened away. "How deused queer the man looks!" thought Charles Robinson. "Surely he has not stolen the ring! but no—that is out of the question, I should think; I will see, however." The

ring was safe enough, and the young man blushed for his suspicions. "A droll improvement, though," he presently muttered, "he has effected; my judgment and eyesight must be strangely at fault, or ——" Charles Robinson rang his dressing-room bell, and desired the servant who answered it to go instantly to an eminent lapidary, in Wine Street, Bristol, and request that he would come and speak with him, Mr. Charles Robinson, immediately. In less than an hour the lapidary arrived, and what followed thereupon we shall presently see.

It was just dark when Jonathan Reeves reached his home; and had not his sister been herself in a state of great excitement, she must have noticed that he was deathly pale, nervous almost to fainting, and fell with abject helplessness into his chair, like to a drunken man. "Mr. Randall has just left," began Mabel, her usually meek, calm eyes ablaze with light, "and has brought strange news — news just arrived. Our grandfather's widow, Mrs. Reeves, is dead — has died intestate. Mrs. Robinson will be here to-night or to-morrow morning to communicate with her son, and accompany him back to London — her son, the rightful heir at law, you know." These last words Mabel pronounced with exultant emphasis. Her brother hardly appeared to hear her; the nervous

terror that possessed him visibly increased, and a slight scuffle at the door by some passers-by increased it to frenzy. "Shut—bar the door, dear Mabel," he hoarsely ejaculated, "or I am ruined—lost! O God! that ever I was born!"

The violence of his terror startled Mabel; she hastily bolted the door, and then demanded an explanation of his frightful words. "I have been mad during the last fortnight," he answered; "mad with greed and drink. I must have been so, Mabel; but no sooner was the crime effected, and I inextricably meshed in the toils, than the wretched, drunken illusion, promising success, impunity, vanished at once, and I saw that detection was inevitable—the gallows sure, and swift as sure."

"The gallows! O my brother!"

A loud knock at the door interrupted them. "They are come!" gasped the criminal, with white lips. "Here, Mabel—quick, take my purse—the accursed thing is there."

Mabel had hardly time to conceal the purse about her person, when the frail door-fastenings were burst in, and several constables entered.

"We were expected, I see," remarked the chief of them, glancing at the fear-stricken man. "We have a warrant," he added, civilly addressing Mabel, "for

the apprehension of your brother, on a very serious charge, but we need not unnecessarily intrude upon *you*. There is a coach at the door; come, Mr. Reeves."

The instant Mabel found herself alone, she drew forth and examined the purse. The true diamond was there. Alas! alas! And that this calamity should have happened now—now that—but not a moment should be lost. Mr. Randall must be seen instantly. Perhaps"—and the thought which glanced across her brain sent the hot blood in swift eddies through her veins—"perhaps he may yet be saved."

It was about half past nine o'clock when Mr. Randall reached Clifton. Mrs. Robinson, who had not long arrived, was busy for the moment, but would see him presently if he could wait. Certainly he could. "Mr. Charles Robinson is not at home, I believe," he blandly added; "but I dare say I shall find Miss Murray in the drawing room. Mr. Randall briskly ascended the stairs, and as he opened the drawing-room door, said, "Be sure to let me know the instant Mrs. Robinson is disengaged." In about a quarter of an hour, he was informed that that lady was expecting him in the library.

"It is a very unfortunate affair," said Mrs. Robinson, after a few preliminary sentences. "Had I

been at home, there should have been no prosecution. But it must, I suppose, now go on."

"Your son must appear either to confirm his accusation, or, by absenting himself, admit it to be false."

"I am very sorry for it, but the prosecution shall be leniently urged. Poor Mabel Reeves, too! You are aware, I know, how much I risked by taking her daughter when neither of them had hardly bread to eat. Had my sister heard of it, it is quite possible my son would have been disinherited. But that danger is now passed."

"It is true, then, that Mrs. Reeves died intestate."

"Yes, and as the two Messieurs Halliday died without *legitimate* male or female issue, my son is, you are aware, the heir, under the original will settlement."

"That would be as you say. By the by, who has the custody of this unfortunate ring?"

"It is locked up," was the reply, "in a drawer in my dressing room. Miss Murray shall bring it here, if you wish to see it."

"O dear! no, not at all. I am glad to hear you are not disposed to press the case harshly, supposing there be one at all; and I have the honor to wish you, madam, a very good evening."

The magistrates' office was crowded the next day by an auditory which it did not surprise any body to

find—since they were all thoroughly acquainted with the antecedents of both parties—sympathized with the prisoner rather than the prosecution. Mrs. Robinson and her son were seated near the magistrates; *Miss Murray* had placed herself beside her mother, and, but that Mabel looked pale and agitated, two more charming females, at their respective ages, could not, I think, be found in the city of Bristol, or the two counties in which it stands.

At eleven precisely the accused was placed in the dock, and business commenced. Mr. Charles Robinson proved what he had seen, and then the lapidary was placed in the witness box. He had been sent for by Mr. Robinson, and found that a paste imitation—a very good one, he must say—had been substituted for the original diamond, which he knew well, and had very lately seen in the prisoner's shop.

"Is the ring here?" asked Mr. Randall.

"Yes, it is in this case," replied Charles Robinson, handing it across the table.

"Very good. Now come, Mr. Lapidary, be modestly candid, let me entreat you. Are you positive, I ask, that you can always distinguish paste from a diamond, especially between the lights, as in this instance?"

"Sure!" rejoined the lapidary, with dignified con-

tempt, "I could tell the difference blindfold. Look at this ring yourself; paste, you perceive, is — paste, you perceive, is — the devil!"

"Is it, indeed? — well, that is something new, at all events. But pray go on with your very lucid description."

The confounded lapidary could *not* go on. His face was alternately as red as brick dust and white as chalk.

"Can this be the ring," he at length stammered, addressing Charles Robinson, "that I saw yester-evening?"

"No doubt of it — why do you ask?"

"Because this is unquestionably a real diamond — *the* real diamond — no doubt about it."

"*The* real diamond!" vociferated the mayor indignantly. "What is the meaning of this accusation, then? But the witness seems hardly to know whether he stands on his head or his heels."

A white-headed gentleman, in a large way of business as a jeweller, it was whispered, stepped forward, and after looking closely at the ring, said, "This is not only a real diamond, but one of the finest I have ever seen for its size." At this confirmation of what had at first appeared to be too good to be true, the audience broke into a loud cheer, which was again and again repeated. The accusation was formally given up, and the prisoner was immediately liberated "with-

out the slightest stain upon his character," the mayor emphatically assured him. I never, I must say, saw an accused person so thoroughly bewildered by a triumphant acquittal in my life. Happily he held his tongue, which was a mercy.

"Hand the ring this way, if you please, Mr. Randall," said Charles Robinson, tartly.

"Ought I not, think you, sir, to hand it to the right owner at once?"

"Certainly—you are asked to do so."

"In that case, I must present it to this young lady on my right."

"To that young lady—to Miss Murray!"

"That was a mere *nom de circonstance*, and there is now no necessity for its retention. Her true name is Mabel Halliday, and she is the legitimate daughter and sole heiress of James Halliday, deceased. This we shall be able to show beyond the shadow of a doubt, at the proper time and place, if her right is opposed, which is not, however, likely. James Halliday and Mabel Reeves were married, by banns, in London; and the fear of disinheritance by Mrs. Reeves has hitherto prevented its acknowledgment. All this can be legally established, and I only mention these details because I know the great majority of the people of Bristol will rejoice, that an estate cruelly

diverted from the legitimate heirs has, by the overruling providence of God, been restored to them in the person of their descendant, Mabel Halliday." I do not think the auditory breathed whilst this was uttered, but at its conclusion, a perfect hurricane of cheering took place, prolonged for several minutes. It was taken up in a trice, and ran like wildfire along the streets; in fact, the enthusiasm rose to such a fever heat that I positively apprehended some accident would befall the mother and daughter, so boisterously did the mob press round to see, congratulate, and hurrah them. As Mr. Randall anticipated, no impediment was offered to Mabel Halliday's accession to the property of which Mrs. Reeves had died possessed according to the tenor — happily unrevoked by his implacable relict — of her great-grandfather's will. Jonathan Reeves, I have reason to know, was startled into sober and decorous conduct by the exceedingly narrow escape he had from the iron hands of the law. Should any reader fail in comprehending *how* it was he was so cleverly extricated from such deadly peril, he will be, if that can console him, in precisely the same mental condition as the discomfited lapidary who, to the day of his death, could never comprehend how the paste of the evening could possibly have become the diamond of the morning.

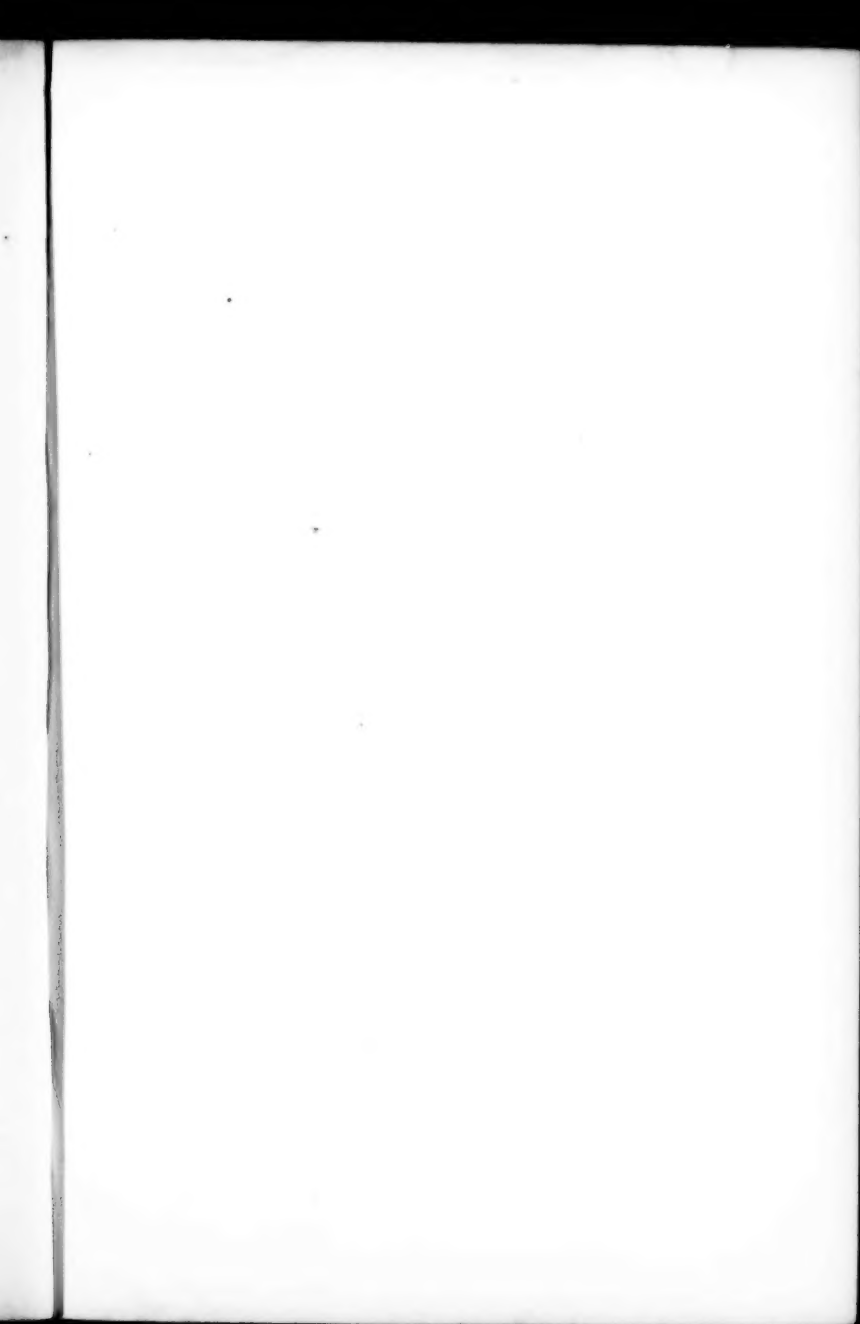




Figure Two

Figure Two

Figure Two

HELENA.

"All's well that ends well."

O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in it but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me;
In its bright radiance and collateral right
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His archéd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table ; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor !
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

A DARK CHAPTER.

ONE Ephraim Bridgman, who died in 1783, had for many years farmed a large quantity of land in the neighborhood of Lavenham, or Lanham, (the name is spelled both ways,) a small market town about twelve miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. He was also land agent as well as tenant to a noble lord possessing much property thereabout, and appears to have been a very fast man for those times, as, although he kept up appearances to the last, his only child and heir, Mark Bridgman, found, on looking closely into his deceased father's affairs, that, were every body paid, he himself would be left little better than a pauper. Still, if the noble landlord could be induced to give a *very* long day for the heavy balance due to him, — not only for arrears of rent, but moneys received on his lordship's account, — Mark, who was a prudent, energetic young man, nothing doubted of pulling through without much difficulty; the farm being low rented, and the agency lucrative. This desirable

object, however, proved exceedingly difficult of attainment, and after a protracted and fruitless negotiation, by letter, with Messrs. Winstanley, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, his lordship's solicitors, the young farmer determined, as a last resource, on a journey to town, in the vague hope that on a personal interview he should find those gentlemen not quite such square, hard, rigid persons as their written communications indicated them to be. Delusive hope! They were precisely as stiff, formal, accurate, and unvarying as their letters. "The exact balance due to his lordship," said Winstanley, senior, "is, as previously stated, two thousand one hundred and three pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence; which sum, secured by warrant of attorney, *must* be paid as follows: one half in eight, and the remaining moiety in sixteen months from the present time." Mark Bridgman was in despair: taking into account other liabilities that would be falling due, compliance with such terms was, he felt, merely deferring the evil day, and he was silently and moodily revolving in his mind whether it might not be better to give up the game at once, rather than engage in a prolonged, and almost inevitably disastrous struggle, when another person entered the office, and entered into conversation with the solicitor. At first the young man did not appear

to heed, perhaps did not hear, what was said; but after a while one of the clerks noticed that his attention was suddenly and keenly aroused, and that he eagerly devoured every word that passed between the new comer and Mr. Winstanley. At length the lawyer, as if to terminate the interview, said, as he replaced a newspaper, — *The Public Advertiser*, — an underlined notice in which had formed the subject of his colloquy with the stranger, upon a side table, by which sat Mark Bridgman, “You desire us, then, Mr. Evans, to continue this advertisement for some time longer.” Mr. Evans replied, “Certainly, six months longer, if necessary.” He then bade the lawyers “good day,” and left the office.

“Well, what do you say, Mr. Bridgman?” asked Mr. Winstanley, as soon as the door had closed. “Are you ready to accept his lordship’s very lenient proposal?”

“Yes,” was the quick reply. “Let the document be prepared at once, and I will execute it before I leave.” This was done, and Mark Bridgman hurried off, evidently, it was afterwards remembered, in a high state of flurry and excitement. He had also, they found, taken the newspaper with him — by inadvertence, the solicitor supposed, of course.

Within a week of this time, the good folk of

Lavenham — especially its womankind — were thrown into a ferment of wonder, indignation, and bewilderment. Rachel Merton, the orphan dress-making girl, who had been engaged to, and about to marry, Richard Green, the farrier and blacksmith, — and that a match far beyond what she had any right to expect, for all her pretty face and pert airs, — was positively being courted by Bridgman, young, handsome, rich, Mark Bridgman of Red Lodge; (the embarrassed state of the gentleman farmer's affairs was entirely unsuspected in Lavenham;) ay, and by way of marriage, too — openly — respectfully — deferentially — as if *he*, not Rachel Merton, were the favored and honored party! What on earth, every body asked, was the world coming to? — a question most difficult of solution; but all doubt with respect to the *bona fide* nature of Mark Bridgman's intentions towards the fortunate dressmaker was soon at an end; he and Rachel being duly pronounced man and wife at the parish church within little more than a fortnight of the commencement of his strange and hasty wooing! All Lavenham agreed that Rachel Merton had shamefully jilted poor Green; and yet it may be doubted if there were many of them that, similarly tempted, would not have done the same. A pretty orphan girl, hitherto barely earning a subsistence by her needle,

and about to throw herself away upon a coarse, repulsive person, but one degree higher than herself in the social scale—entreated by the handsomest young man about Lavenham to be his wife, and the mistress of Red Lodge, with nobody knows how many servants, dependants, laborers!—the offer was irresistible! It was also quite natural that the jilted blacksmith should fiercely resent—as he did—his sweetheart's faithless conduct; and the assault which his angry excitement induced him to commit upon his successful rival a few days previous to the wedding, was far too severely punished, every body admitted, by the chastisement inflicted by Mark Bridgman upon his comparatively weak and powerless assailant.

The morning after the return of the newly-married couple to Red Lodge from a brief wedding trip, a newspaper, which the bridegroom had recently ordered to be regularly supplied, was placed upon the table. He himself was busy with breakfast, and his wife, after a while, opened it, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns. Suddenly an exclamation of extreme surprise escaped her, followed by "Goodness gracious, my dear Mark, do look here!" Mark did look, and read an advertisement aloud, to the effect that, "If Rachel Edwards, formerly of Bath, who, in 1762, married John Merton, bandmaster of the 29th

Regiment of Infantry, and afterwards kept a school in Manchester, or any lineal descendant of hers, would apply to Messrs. Winstanley, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, they would hear of something greatly to their advantage." "Why, dear Mark," said the pretty bride, as her husband ceased reading, "my mother's maiden name was Rachel Edwards, and I am, as you know, her only surviving child." "God bless me, to be sure! I remember now hearing your father speak of it. What can this great advantage be, I wonder? I tell you what we'll do, love," the husband added; "you would like to see London, I know. We'll start by coach to-night, and I'll call upon these lawyers, and find out what it all means." This proposition was, of course, gladly acceded to. They were gone about a fortnight, and on their return it became known that Mark Bridgman had come into possession of twelve thousand pounds in right of his wife, who was entitled to that sum by the will of her mother's maiden sister, Mary Edwards, of Bath. The bride appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that her husband had been influenced by any other motive than her personal charms in marrying her—a pleasant illusion, which, to do him justice, his unvarying tenderness towards her, through life, confirmed and strengthened; but others, unblinded by vanity, natu-

rally surmised the truth. Richard Green, especially, as fully believed that he had been deliberately, and with *malice prepense*, tricked out of twelve thousand pounds, as of the girl herself; and this conviction, there can be no doubt, greatly increased and inflamed his rage against Mark Bridgman—so much so that it became at last the sole thought and purpose of his life, as to how he might safely and effectually avenge himself of the man who was flaunting it so bravely in the world, whilst he—poor duped and despised castaway—was falling lower and lower in the world every day he lived. This was the natural consequence of his increasingly dissolute and idle habits. It was not long before an execution for rent swept away his scanty stock in trade, and he thenceforth became a ragged vagabond hanger-on about the place—seldom at work, and as often as possible drunk; during which fits of intemperance his constant theme was the bitter hatred he nourished towards Bridgman, and his determination, even if he swung for it, of being one day signally avenged. Mark Bridgman was often warned to be on his guard against the venomous malignity of Green; but this counsel he seems to have spurned, or treated with contempt.

Whilst the vengeful blacksmith was thus falling into utter vagabondism, all was sunshine at Red Lodge.

Mark Bridgman really loved his pretty and gentle, if vain-minded wife—a love deepened by gratitude, that through her means he had been saved from insolvency and ruin; and barely a twelvemonth of wedded life had passed when the birth of a son completed their happiness. This child (for nearly three years it did not appear likely there would be any other) soon came to be the idol of its parents—of its father, the pamphlet before me states, even more than of its mother. It was very singularly marked with two strawberries, exceedingly distinct, on its left arm, and one, less vivid, on its right. There are two fairs held annually at Lavenham, and one of these—when little Mark was between three and four years old—Mr. Bridgman came in from Red Lodge to attend, accompanied by his wife, son, and a woman servant of the name of Sarah Hollins. Towards evening, Mrs. Bridgman went out shopping, escorted by her husband, leave having been previously given Hollins to take the child through the pleasure,—that is, the booth and show part of the fair,—but with strict orders not to be absent more than an hour from the inn where her master and mistress were putting up. In little more than the specified time the woman returned, but without the child; she had suddenly missed him, about half an hour before, whilst looking on at some street

tumbling, and had vainly sought him through the town since. The woman's tidings excited great alarm; Mr. Bridgman himself instantly hurried off, and hired messengers were, one after another, despatched by the mother in quest of the missing child. As hour after hour flew by without result, extravagant rewards, which set hundreds of persons in motion, were offered by the distracted parents; but all to no purpose. Day dawned, and as yet not a gleam of intelligence had been obtained of the lost one. At length some one suggested that inquiry should be made after Richard Green. This was promptly carried into effect, and it was ascertained that he had not been home during the night. Further investigation left no room for doubt that he had suddenly quitted Lavenham; and thus a new and fearful light was thrown upon the boy's disappearance. It was conjectured that the blacksmith must have gone to London; and Mr. Bridgman immediately set off thither, and placed himself in communication with the authorities of Bow Street. Every possible exertion was used during several weeks to discover the child, or Green, without success, and the bereaved father returned to his home a harassed, spirit-broken man. During his absence his wife had been prematurely confined of another son, and this new gift of God seemed, after a while, to partially fill the

aching void in the mother's heart; but the sadness and gloom which had settled upon the mind of her husband was not perceptibly lightened thereby. "If I knew Mark was dead," he once remarked to the rector of Lavenham, by whom he was often visited, "I should resign myself to his loss, and soon shake off this heavy grief. But that, my dear sir, which weighs me down—is in fact slowly but surely killing me—is a terrible conviction and presentiment that Green, in order fully to work out his devilish vengeance, will studiously pervert the nature of the child,—lead him into evil, abandoned courses,—and that I shall one day see him — But I will not tell you my dreams," he added, after stopping abruptly, and painfully shuddering, as if some frightful spectre passed before his eyes. "They are, I trust, mere fancies; and yet — But let us change the subject."

This morbidly-dejected state of mind was aggravated by the morose, grasping disposition—so entirely different from what Mr. Bridgman had fondly prophesied of Mark—manifested in greater strength with every succeeding year by his son Andrew—a strangely unlovable and gloomy-tempered boy, as if the anxiety and trouble of the time during which he had been hurried into the world had been impressed upon his temperament and character. It may be, too, that he

felt irritated at, and jealous of, his father's ceaseless repinings for the loss of his eldest son, who, if recovered, would certainly monopolize the lion's share of the now large family property — but not one whit *too* large, in his — Andrew Bridgman's — opinion, for himself alone.

The young man had not very long to wait for it. He had just passed his twentieth year when his father died at the early age of forty-seven. The last wandering thoughts of the dying parent reverted to the lost child. "Hither, Mark," he faintly murmured, as the hushed mourners round his bed watched with mute awe the last flutterings of departing life; "hither; hold me tightly by the hand, or you may lose yourself in this dark, dark wood." These were his last words. On the will being opened, it was found that the whole of his estate, real and personal, had been bequeathed to his son Andrew, charged only with an annuity of five hundred pounds to his mother, during life. *But*, should Mark be found, the property was to be *his*, similarly charged with respect to Mrs. Bridgman, and one hundred pounds yearly to his brother Andrew, also for life, in addition.

On the evening of the tenth day after his father's funeral, young Mr. Bridgman sat up till a late hour examining various papers and accounts connected with

his inheritance, and after retiring to bed, the exciting nature of his recent occupation hindered him from sleeping. Whilst thus lying awake, his quick ear caught a sound as of some one breaking into the house through one of the lower casements. He rose cautiously, went out on the landing, and soon satisfied himself that his suspicion was a correct one. The object of the burglars was, he surmised, the plate in the house, of which there was an unusually large quantity, both his father and grandfather having expended much money in that article of luxury. Andrew Bridgman was any thing but a timid person; indeed, considering that six men all together slept in the house, there was but little cause for fear; and he softly returned to his bed room, unlocked a mahogany case, took out, loaded and primed, two pistols, and next roused the gardener and groom, whom he bade noiselessly follow him. The burglars—three in number, as it proved—had already reached and opened the plate closet. One of them was standing within it, and the others just without. “Hallo! rascals,” shouted Andrew Bridgman, from the top of a flight of stairs, “what are you doing there?”

The startled and terrified thieves glanced hurriedly round, and the two outermost fled instantly along the passage, pursued by the two servants, one of whom

had armed himself with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. The other was not so fortunate. He had not regained the threshold of the closet when Andrew Bridgman fired. The bullet crashed through the wretched man's brain, and he fell forward, stone dead, upon his face. The two others escaped — one of them after a severe struggle with the knife-armed groom.

It was some time before the uproar in the now thoroughly alarmed household had subsided; but at length the screaming females were pacified, and those who had got up persuaded to go to bed again. The corpse of the slain burglar was removed to an out-house, and Andrew Bridgman returned to his bedroom. Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Sarah Hollins. "I am come to tell you something," said the now aged woman, with a significant look. "The person you have shot is the Richard Green you have so often heard of."

The young man, Hollins afterwards said, seemed much startled by this news, and his countenance flashed and paled in quick succession. "Are you quite sure this is true?" he at last said. "Quite; though he's so altered that, except Missus, I don't know any body else in the house that is likely to recognize him. Shall I tell her?"

"No, no, not on any account. It would only recall

unpleasant events, and that quite uselessly. Be sure not to mention your suspicion—your belief—to a soul."

"Suspicion! belief!" echoed the woman. "It is a certainty. But, of course, as you wish it, I shall hold my tongue."

So audacious an attempt created a considerable stir in the locality, and four days after its occurrence a message was sent to Red Lodge from Bury St. Edmunds, that two men, supposed to be the escaped burglars, were there in custody, and requesting Mr. Bridgman's and the servants' attendance on the morrow, with a view to their identification. Andrew Bridgman, the gardener, and groom, of course, obeyed the summons, and the prisoners were brought into the justice room before them. One was a fellow of about forty, a brutal-visaged, low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, with the additional ornament of a but partially-closed harelip. He was unhesitatingly sworn to by both men. The other, upon whom, from the instant he entered, Andrew Bridgman had gazed with eager, almost, it seemed, trembling curiosity, was a well-grown young man of, it might be, three or four and twenty, with a quick, mild, almost timid, unquiet, troubled look, and features originally comely and pleasing, there could be no doubt, but now smirched and

blotted into ill favor by excess and other evil habits. He gave the name of "Robert Williams."

Andrew Bridgman, recalled to himself by the magistrate's voice, hastily said "that he did not recognize this prisoner as one of the burglars. Indeed," he added, with a swift but meaning look at the two servants, "I am pretty sure he was not one of them." The groom and gardener, influenced, no doubt, by their master's manner, also appeared doubtful as to whether Robert Williams was one of the housebreakers. "But if he be," hesitated the groom, hardly knowing whether he did right or wrong, "there must be some smartish wounds on his arms, for I hit him there sharply with the knife several times."

The downcast head of the youthful burglar was suddenly raised at these words; and he said, quickly, whilst a red flush passed over his pallid features, "Not me, not me—look, my arm sleeves have no holes—no——"

"You may have obtained another jacket," interrupted the magistrate. "We must see your arms."

An expression of hopeless despair settled upon the prisoner's face; he again hung down his head in shame, and allowed the constables to quietly strip off his jacket. Andrew Bridgman, who had gone to some distance, returned whilst this was going on, and

watched for what might next disclose itself with tenfold curiosity and eagerness. "There are stabs enough here, sure enough," exclaimed a constable, as he turned up the shirt sleeve on the prisoner's left arm. There were, indeed; and in addition to them, *natural marks of two strawberries* were distinctly visible. The countenance of Andrew Bridgman grew ashy pale, as his straining eyes glared upon the prisoner's naked arm. The next moment he wrenched himself away, as with an effort, from the sight, and staggered to an open window—sick, dizzy, fainting, it was at the time believed, from the closeness of the atmosphere in the crowded room. Was it not rather that he had recognized his long-lost brother—the *true heir to the bulk of his deceased father's wealth*, against whom, he might have thought, an indictment would scarcely lie for feloniously entering his own house? He said nothing, however, and the two prisoners were fully committed for trial.

Mr. Prince went down "special" to Bury, at the next assize, to defend a gentleman accused of a grave offence; but the grand jury having ignored the bill, he would probably have returned at once, had not an attorney brought him a brief, very heavily marked, in defence of "Robert Williams." "Strangely enough, too," remarked the attorney, as he was about to go

away, "the funds for the defence have been supplied by Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whose house the prisoner is accused of having burglariously entered. But this is confidential, as he is very solicitous that his oddly-generous action should not be known." There was, however, no valid defence. The ill-favored accomplice, why, I know not, had been admitted king's evidence by the counsel for the crown, and there was no resisting the accumulated evidence. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. "I never intended," he said, after the verdict was returned,—and there was a tone of dejected patience in his voice that affected one strangely,—"I never intended to commit violence against any one in the house, and but that my uncle—he that was shot—said repeatedly that he knew a secret concerning Mr. Bridgman (he didn't know, I am sure, that he was dead) which would prevent us from being prosecuted if we were caught, I should not have been persuaded to go with him. It was my first offence in—in housebreaking, I mean."

I had, and indeed have, some relatives in Mildenhall, in the same county, whom, at the termination of the Bury assize, I got leave to visit for a few days. Whilst there, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whom I had seen in court, was

moving heaven and earth to procure a commutation of the convict's sentence to transportation for life. His zealous efforts were unsuccessful; and the Saturday County Journal announced that Robert Williams, the burglar, would suffer, with four others, on the following Tuesday morning. I reached Bury on the Monday evening, with the intention of proceeding by the London night coach; but there was no place vacant. The next morning I could only have ridden outside; and as, besides being intensely cold, it was snowing furiously, I determined on postponing my departure till the evening, and secured an inside place for that purpose. I greatly abhor spectacles of the kind; and yet, from mere idleness and curiosity, I suffered myself to be drawn into the human stream flowing towards "Hang Fair," and, once jammed in with the crowd in front of the place of execution, egress was, I found, impossible. After waiting a considerable time, the death bell suddenly tolled, and the terrible procession appeared—five human beings about to be suffocated by human hands, for offences against property!—the dreadful and deliberate sacrifice preluded and accompanied by sonorous sentences from the gospel of mercy and compassion! Hardly daring to look up, I saw little of what passed on the scaffold; yet one furtive, quickly-withdrawn glance

showed me the sufferer in whom I took most interest. He was white as if already confined, and the unquiet glare of his eyes was, I noticed, terribly anxious. I did not again look up—I could not; and the surging murmur of the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, the near whisperings of ribald tongues, and the measured, mocking tones of the minister, promising eternal life, through the mercy of the most high God, to wretches whom the *justice* of man denied a few more days or years of mortal existence, were becoming momentarily more and more oppressive, when a dull, heavy sound *boomed* through the air; the crowd swayed violently from side to side, and the simultaneous expiration of many pent-up breaths testified that all was over, and to the relief experienced by the coarsest natures at the consummation of a deed too frightful for humanity to contemplate. It was some time before the mass of spectators began to thoroughly separate, and they were still standing in large clusters, spite of the bitter, falling weather, when a carriage, furiously driven, with the body of a female, who was screaming vehemently and waving a white handkerchief, projected half out of one of the windows, was seen approaching by the London Road. The thought appeared to strike every one that a respite or reprieve had come for one or more of the prisoners, and hundreds of

eyes were instantly turned towards the scaffold, only to see that if so it had arrived too late. The carriage stopped at the gate of the building. A lady, dressed in deep mourning, was hastily assisted out by a young man with her, similarly attired, and they both disappeared within the jail. After some parleying, I ascertained that I had sufficient influence to obtain admission, and a few moments afterwards I found myself in the press room. The young man — Mr. Andrew Bridgman — was there, and the lady, who had fallen fainting upon one of the benches, was his mother. The attendants were administering restoratives to her, without effect, till an inner door opened, and the under sheriff, by whom she was personally known, entered; when she started up and interrogated, with the mute agony of her wet, yet gleaming eyes, the dismayed and distressed official. "Let me entreat you, my dear madam," he faltered, "to retire. This is a most painful — fright——"

"No — no; the truth! — the truth!" shrieked the unfortunate lady, wildly clasping her hands; "I shall bear that best."

"Then I grieve to say," replied the under sheriff, "that the marks you describe — two on the left and one on the right arm — are distinctly visible."

A piercing scream, broken by the words, "My

son!—O God!—my son!” burst from the wretched mother’s lips, and she fell heavily, and without sense or motion, upon the stone floor. Whilst the under sheriff and others raised and ministered to her, I glanced at Mr. Andrew Bridgman. He was as white as the lime-washed wall against which he stood, and the fire that burned in his dark eyes was kindled—it was plain to me—by remorse and horror, not by grief alone.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the mother and son at the closing scene of this sad drama was afterwards thus explained: Andrew Bridgman, from the moment that all hope of procuring a commutation of the sentence on the (so called) Robert Williams had ceased, became exceedingly nervous and agitated, and his discomposure seemed to but augment as the time yet to elapse before the execution of the sentence passed away. At length, unable longer to endure the goadings of a tortured conscience, he suddenly burst into the room where his mother sat at breakfast, on the very morning his brother was to die, with an open letter in his hand, by which he pretended to have just heard that Robert Williams was the long-lost Mark Bridgman! The sequel has been already told.

The conviction rapidly spread that Andrew Bridg-

man had been from the first aware that the youthful burgler was his own brother; and he found it necessary to leave the country. He turned his inheritance into money, and embarked for Charleston, America, in the bark *Cleopatra*, from Liverpool. When off the Scilly Islands, the *Cleopatra* was chased by a French privateer. She escaped; but one of the few shots fired at her from the privateer was fatal to the life of Andrew Bridgman. He was almost literally cut in two, and expired instantaneously. Some friends to whom I have related this story deem his death an accident; others, a judgment: I incline, I must confess, to the last opinion. The wealth with which he embarked was restored to Mrs. Bridgman, who soon afterwards removed to London, where she lived many years—sad ones, no doubt, but mitigated and rendered endurable by the soothing balm of a clear conscience. At her decease, not very many years ago, the whole of her property was found to be bequeathed to various charitable institutions of the metropolis.

SPRING.

SPRING is coming o'er the mountains ;
She hath rested on the sea,
And the ice chain of the fountains
Runs in silver, fast and free,—

Stepping lighter than the pinion
Of the yellow butterfly,
Spreading through the world's dominion
Lustre from a laughing eye.

Rife with hope, and fresh with beauty,
That each coming dawn shall bring;
Love is joy, and joy is duty,
Hallowed by the smile of Spring,—

Spring, the bright, the kind, the joyous,—
Spring, the time of trusting youth,
When no shades of grief annoy us,
When the heart is full of truth.

Spring must ever be the dearest,
Loveliest time of all the year,
For hope is still to man the nearest
Link of heaven that holds him here.

COUSIN LUCY.

"It is folly, mere boyish folly, Margaret; and I cannot understand your motive for encouraging it. Had the girl been well educated, I should not have cared an atom for her want of station; but that my only son should choose to fall in love with a girl who can barely write her own name, is really most preposterous. *He* has already had my answer; let the same satisfy *you*."

"One word, my dear husband, and I have done: have you ever seen Lucy Elton?"

"Seen her! I dare say I have done so fifty times; but I certainly cannot recollect any difference between her and other women of her rank."

"Then you have *not* seen her, William; for she must strike the most indifferent observer. I never remember to have seen a sweeter face, or a more winning manner, than Lucy possesses. The polish of a little good society would make a lady of her in

the *real* sense of the word; and I know that you set no value upon the title, unless it *be* deserved."

"Ay, well! I see that, woman-like, you are determined to stick to your first impression; only let me beg of you not to encourage Arthur in his too favorable opinion of this paragon of mechanics' daughters. I shall be back in good time this evening, my love."

Mr. Randall had scarcely left the house on his way to business, when, hastily equipped in her bonnet and shawl, his young wife was bending her steps in the opposite direction. Leaving her at the door of a small, neat house, in a retired street, where the name of "Elton, Working Jeweller," appeared on a modest brass plate, we will introduce our readers more fully to the several characters already mentioned.

Mr. Randall was a wealthy silversmith in one of the largest towns in England: of respectable family, and an industrious, enterprising spirit, he raised the business left to him by his father, until the firm of "William Randall and Son" ranked with the first merchants in the city. Left a widower early in life, his domestic affections had centred in an only son, whom, in spite of his university education, he determined to associate with himself in trade. To this the young man had never objected; and Arthur Randall

considered himself, what every body else knew him to be, a fortunate fellow, to be placed at twenty-five in the position of junior partner in the flourishing trade of "Randall and Son." A year before his son's admission into the business, Mr. Randall had thought fit to take another partner to himself, in the person of a young and amiable wife. Margaret Bennett was an orphan, brought up under the careful *espionage* of a maiden aunt, the very model of elderly ladies as they ought to be. Seeing very little gay company, and having learned to appreciate whatever is good and noble in our nature, in whatever rank or grade it might appear, Margaret Bennett was the very wife Mr. Randall had for years been hoping to find; and in spite of the disparity of ages, few happier marriages could have taken place. To Arthur Randall the change brought about in their once gloomy home by this marriage was very gratifying, and his admiration for his father's pretty and accomplished wife grew, upon better acquaintance, into a firm and mutual friendship.

One evening the young man entered Mrs. Randall's little sitting room, drew a chair for himself on the opposite side of the fire, and with a smile of peculiar meaning, said, —

"Do you remember, Margaret, the conversation we

had some weeks ago about unequal marriages, and our mutual agreement as to what kind of unions might justly be included in the term?"

"I recollect it perfectly, Arthur."

"Pardon me, dear madam," said the young man, while something very like a blush mantled his handsome face, "but I am anxious to have the benefit of your counsel and advice before my father returns. You have heard my father, as well as myself, often speak of Robert Elton, one of our best and most respectable workmen. Three months ago he was laid up with a violent attack of inflammation, and has been more or less of an invalid ever since. With all my father's kindness of heart, you know his dislike to a sick room, and he never could be persuaded to pay poor Elton a visit in his. So this duty devolved upon me; and, in my frequent visits to the house, either to inquire after his health or on business, I was thrown much into the society of his daughter. Nay, Margaret, do not start; I assure you that the working jeweller's daughter were a fitting mate for the highest noble in the land, if beauty constituted that fitness. But I do not think that Lucy Elton's rare loveliness would have succeeded in taking my heart captive, had I not witnessed her devoted attention to her sick father, and the modest propriety of her whole deportment.

These have, I must confess it, decided me that I either win Lucy for my wife, or remain a miserable bachelor for the rest of my days."

"But your father, Arthur," murmured Mrs. Randall; "have you not spoken to him?"

"I have spoken to no one but yourself, Margaret. I know what my father will say too well; yet this shall never alter my determination. It has been arrived at after due deliberation, and a most careful study of Lucy's character. She wants nothing to make her such a companion as even you would love, except the society and friendship of a woman like yourself, Margaret. After a few months of your schooling, my father would confess that his workman's child was worthy of being his daughter."

"I must see this paragon, Arthur; only tell me, in the first place, if you have told her of your attachment, and whether she returns it, because you may really be reckoning without your host, after all."

"Lucy knows that I love her, and I am as sure that my affection is returned, though not a word on the subject has been breathed on either side. No, Margaret, the difference in our positions might have excited the suspicion of her honest, worthy old father. I think that I must ask you to be my mediator with him, as well as with my own father."

"A pretty task to set me, indeed! While you engage to do the agreeable to the pretty daughter, I am to manage a couple of stern fathers! I rather admire that stroke of policy, Mr. Arthur."

"Do not laugh at me, dear Margaret; but promise to call on Robert Elton to-morrow, and you will then judge whether Lucy is worthy of my love, and of your regard. I will leave you now,—it is time to dress,—and my father will be here in a few minutes; I only wish that my interview with him was over."

A few days after this conversation, the one between Mr. Randall and his wife, with which our tale commences, took place; and we now return to Mrs. Randall, whom we left at the door of Robert Elton's house, whither she was going to pay her second visit.

Margaret was met at the door of a small parlor by a young woman, whose fair cheeks flushed to a deep crimson as Mrs. Randall took her hand, and kindly inquired after her father's health.

"He is much better this morning, ma'am, and is able to go to the manufactory; but pray sit down." And Lucy Elton arranged the cushions of a pretty chintz-covered sofa for her guest.

"You must sit down beside me, Lucy; for my visit this morning is especially to you," said Mrs.

Randall, as the graceful girl prepared to seat herself on an opposite chair. "Do not be afraid of me, Lucy, though we are almost strangers; I assure you that I have already ceased to regard you as such, and, as a proof of this, I am about to give you my entire confidence, and to ask yours in return, upon a subject which deeply affects us both."

Margaret paused; and the half-averted face beside her drooped lower still over the work which Lucy held between her fingers. At last, with a strong effort, she raised her head, and fixing her large blue eyes upon Mrs. Randall's face, said slowly,—

"I think that I understand you, dear madam. My father told me of your conversation with him on Tuesday."

"Then, Lucy, I am saved the awkwardness of an explanation, and have only to read those blushes aright, to see that Arthur's affection for you is returned. If this be the case, I know that you will willingly agree to a proposal I have now to make."

Mrs. Randall then entered fully into a benevolent plan which she wished to carry out with regard to the fair girl whom she was perfectly happy to receive as her daughter. This was, that Lucy should arrange to devote certain hours each morning to the prosecution of those studies which she had hitherto so

imperfectly pursued. All this she wished to be done without the cognizance either of her husband or his son, that when Mr. Randall was won (as she believed in time he would be) to give his consent to the union which he now opposed, Arthur might have still less cause to blush for what his father called the deficiencies in Lucy Elton's education.

"And now, Lucy," added Mrs. Randall, as she drew her shawl closer around her, and prepared to say good by, "I read consent to my scheme in your face; do I not? and we have only to fix the hours when you can best leave your domestic duties here to attend to these new studies: shall we say from two to four each day?"

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Randall. How shall I ever prove my gratitude to you?" murmured Lucy, as she bent over Margaret's hand.

"By being an attentive pupil, Lucy dear, as I know you will be, and thus making the friend we both love and esteem doubly happy. To-morrow, then, I may expect you; and now, good by."

For several months Lucy Elton might be found at the appointed hour in Mrs. Randall's little morning room, reading and learning as diligently as the most exacting mistress could desire, and delighting her gentle instructress by the aptness with which she received

knowledge, and the ease with which she retained it. The secret of these pleasant lessons had been strictly preserved, and not even Arthur had any idea of the amount of help which Margaret was affording to his beloved Lucy, though he was satisfied with and grateful for the interest which he saw that she took in her improvement. Thus matters happily progressed, until the summer began to wane into early autumn, and a few weeks' sojourn at the seaside was spoken of by Mr. Randall, more on account of his wife than himself, for his absorbing attention to business always prevented his being willingly absent from the counting house for more than a week at a time, and Margaret had consequently been hitherto left to a month's solitude at some retired bathing-place — a solitude which was, however, by no means irksome to her thoughtful nature. In the present instance, she proposed to herself a companion; and although shrinking from the necessity of concealing the truth from her husband, she determined so to arrange that Lucy should accompany her, believing that the *motive* for her apparent duplicity would fully excuse it in his sight.

“Write to your friend, Miss Spencer, Margaret, and ask her to meet us at ——— in a fortnight. I shall be so much better satisfied if I leave you with an agreeable companion, and I have often heard you

mention this pretty cousin Lucy, and express a wish that she could visit us. Besides," continued Mr. Randall, "who knows but that Arthur may take a fancy to her, and put an end to his present absurd *penchant* for a mere rustic Lucy?"

Nothing could have been more propitious to Margaret's wishes than this speech which her husband made during a conversation as to their proposed holiday.

She gratefully accepted the proposition, and in a few days was able to tell Mr. Randall that her friend Lucy would be delighted to join them for a month at ——. In the mean while Lucy Elton had been informed of the treat in store for her, and Arthur, too, was necessarily admitted into the secret of the deception about to be practised. At first, Lucy refused to lend herself to a deceit, which she thought would only increase Mr. Randall's dislike to her; but the representations of her friend Margaret, and the solicitations of her lover, at length conquered, and Lucy commenced her preparations for this new and unlooked-for pleasure. A week passed rapidly by, and the end of another fortnight found Mr. and Mrs. Randall with their visitor, "Cousin Lucy," seated in the bow window of a comfortable drawing room at ———, which commanded a magnificent sea view,

and a bold side landscape of rocky promontory and undulating wooded banks, which sloped to the margin of the beach. At a table covered with a profusion of damp seaweeds and shells, still redolent of the briny dew of the deep, Lucy sat and sketched a graceful group of these ocean treasures, which she had arranged with admirable effect, (for she had been for some years a pupil in one of those seminaries of taste and elegance, a school of design.) Margaret sat beside her with some work, and her husband, as he conned the pages of his daily paper, every now and then read some amusing paragraph aloud. At length, throwing the paper on one side, he exclaimed, —

“Well, dear wife, charming as this change is for a time, I really cannot give more than my fortnight away from business. Arthur is, in most respects, just as good as I should be among the people; but I fear he will not give his whole thought, or time either, to the counting house, so long as that foolish affair keeps its hold upon him. Besides, I want him to have a holiday as well as myself, and shall send him across directly I get back. If possible, I may come over again for a couple of days, and take you all home.”

“When *must* you go then, William? Not for another week, surely.”

“To-morrow, my love. Remember that I have

enjoyed the sea breeze for a whole fortnight, and a very pleasant fortnight too. You must endeavor to make the next three weeks pass as agreeably to Arthur. No, not you, Margaret; I depute that task to your fair cousin. Nay, Lucy, those golden curls, with all their profusion, will not quite hide your blushes. But, come, I will quiz you no more about this unknown knight. Let me see your drawing as a token of amity."

Lucy rose, and with a smile on her still blushing face, put the sketch into Mr. Randall's hand, and then left the room, while he continued, —

"What! gone again? I declare, Margaret, I could fancy the girl was in love with Arthur from my description. I cannot mention his name without calling up a blush on her face; I shall take it as a good omen of his success, I think."

"Then Arthur has your permission to endeavor to win Lucy's heart, William, portionless damsel though she be?"

"You know that money is the last thing I wish Arthur to consider in the choice of a wife, Margaret. In every other respect, I have satisfied myself that Lucy Spencer would suit him. And, fastidious as he pretends to be on the score of personal beauty, I defy him to object to your lovely cousin on that point.

As for her lack of accomplishments, in a wife these may be easily, and I think often profitably, dispensed with. Lucy draws beautifully, however, and how rapidly this sketch was taken!"

"But, William, before you say any thing to Arthur on this subject, remember all that I have told you of my cousin Lucy's birth and parentage. Not only is she without fortune, but she was the child of working people; her father was a tenant farmer of Lord ——'s."

"None the worse for that, my dear wife. You ought to know that I honor honest labor as man's noblest heritage; and the daughter of a day laborer, if raised by education and the refinement of intellectual society, is as true a lady, in my eyes, as the hereditary countess."

"And yet, dear husband, how determinedly you opposed all my wishes that you should see Robert Elton's charming daughter before you passed judgment upon her! She was, whatever you may believe, as worthy of your esteem and admiration as my cousin Lucy — perhaps even more so."

"I might have been wrong, Margaret, in this instance; but, as you know, it was not the girl's station or birth to which I objected, so much as her necessary want of mental culture — of that refinement of taste

and sentiment which I am sure Arthur would require in a wife; but here comes Lucy, and we must drop this subject for the present, at any rate."

The day previous to the one fixed for the return of Margaret and her companions had arrived. On the evening before, Mr. Randall had, in compliance with his promise, joined them, and the little party were making the most of the sea breezes by spending a long afternoon upon the beach. Seated upon a bank covered with short mossy grass and wild thyme, while her feet rested upon the ridge of many-colored pebbles, which marked the highest point of the tide, Lucy was finishing a sketch of the bay and its little white-walled town; while Arthur, stretched listlessly on the soft turf beside her, read and talked alternately.

"Come, cousin Lucy, suppose you leave Arthur to take charge of your portfolio to the house, and walk with us to the pier," said Mr. Randall, as he and his wife came up to the young couple. "Do you see how rapidly the —— Packet is coming into the harbor? Who knows what friends we may find among the passengers? Margaret has been giving me a hint that she half expects a newly-married cousin. Arthur will, perhaps, join us, and in the mean while you must accept of a less agreeable escort."

Taking Mr. Randall's offered arm, Lucy and her companions walked on in the direction of the town; and crossing the river by a narrow wooden bridge, they soon found themselves among a group of visitors and townspeople watching the approaching steamer as she made rapidly towards the pier. The vessel at length came to her moorings; and in a short time the eager passengers began to leave her deck.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall, as a pretty-looking woman stepped across the gangway, followed by a gentleman; and in another moment she had cordially greeted the new comers, whom she presented to her husband as "Mr. and Mrs. Wilson."

"To think that I should choose —— for our wedding trip, Margaret, because I knew you were here, and then to find that you are leaving by the next boat! It is really too provoking," said the lady, in a tone of disappointment.

"O, you will not want us, Lucy dear," returned Margaret, laughing: "but you must come to our lodgings at once; and now let me give you up to my husband's care; he knows you well by report."

"Only as Lucy Spencer, though; for you had not much notice of my change of name, Margaret."

"Another cousin Lucy, Margaret?" exclaimed Mr. Randall, with a look of astonishment. "I do not

remember to have heard you mention more than one. The namesakes seem strangers to each other, too. Lucy, my love, Margaret has not introduced you to this mutual cousin; for such, I presume, she must be. Miss Lucy Spencer, Mrs. Wilson."

An admonitory look from Mrs. Randall checked the expression of surprise which rose to Mrs. Wilson's lips as Lucy underwent her formal introduction to her, while a knowing smile was exchanged between the cousins; and the little party walked on quietly to their lodgings, meeting Arthur, who had been in search of them, on their way.

"Dearest Mrs. Randall," sobbed Lucy Elton, as she followed her friend into her little dressing room, "I cannot bear this misery any longer; pray let me go to Mr. Randall, and confess the deception at once. It must be found out sooner or later; and how wretched I shall be now till I know that he has forgiven me!"

"I suspect that it is found out already, my dear Lucy," said a kind, grave voice behind her; and the hand of Mr. Randall was laid gently upon her shoulder, as she clung weeping to Margaret. "Cheer up, Lucy, and do not suppose that I am so unjust as to withdraw my esteem and affection simply because it turns out that your name is Elton, instead of Spencer. As my wife was, by her own confession, the insti-

gator of this plot against my pride and prejudice, and as it has been so successful and happy in its issue, I must pardon all the aiders and abettors as well as the chief conspirator herself—ay, my sweet Margaret!

“We shall have a great deal to talk about when we reach home; but let us all devote this evening to the amusement of our visitors. Mrs. Wilson seems to be a very agreeable person; and, after all,” added Mr. Randall, as he kissed the still tearful cheek of Lucy Elton, “I am well pleased that, in taking you for my *daughter*, Lucy, we shall not lose sight of that pleasant, perplexing little kinswoman, *cousin* Lucy.”

THE QUEEN.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

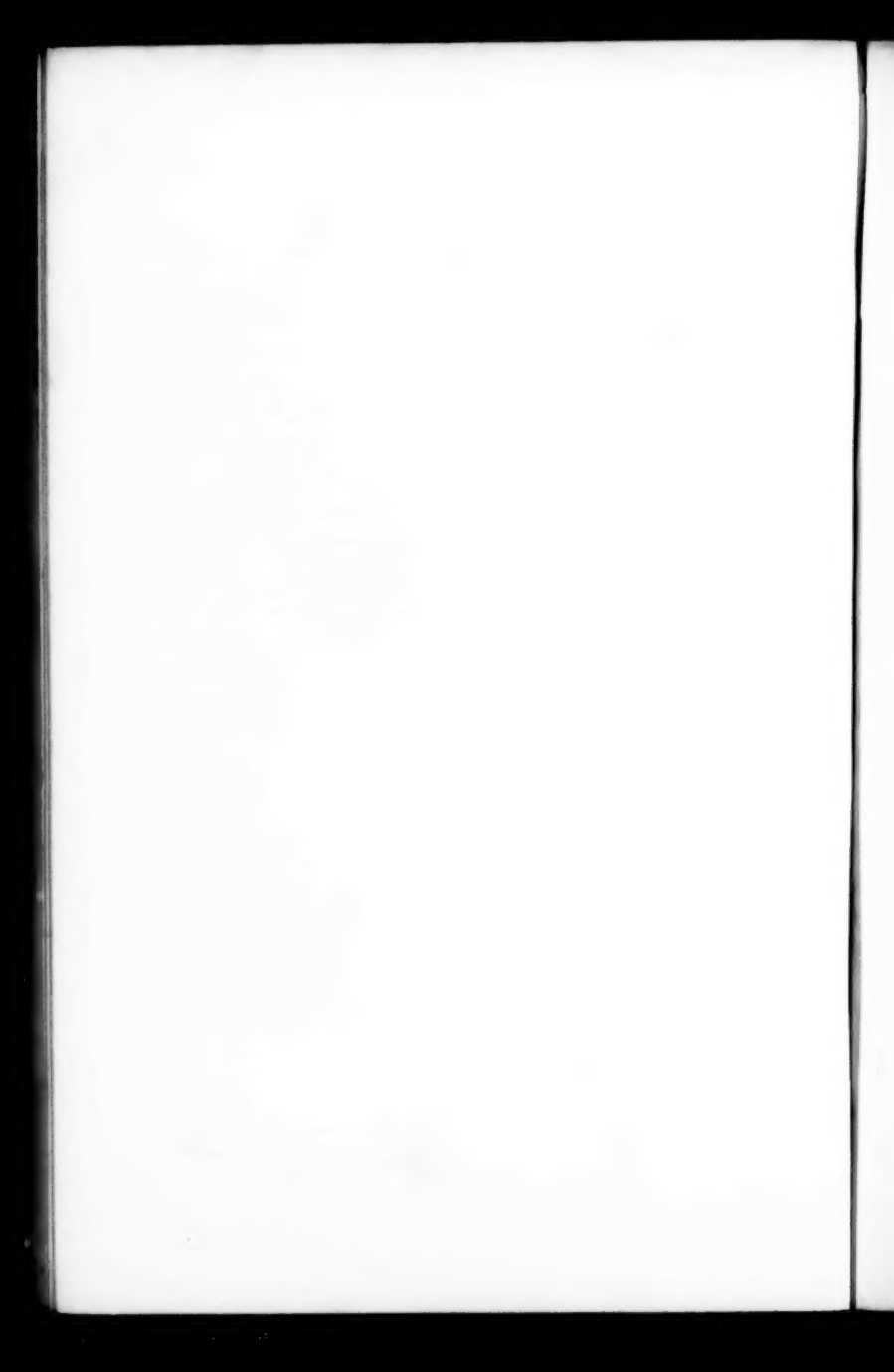
THOU standest in the world of soul,
The peerless and the free;
Ah, in that regal solitude
What thoughts may come to thee!

The rich, the proud, the great of earth,
May bend before thy throne;
But still amid the glittering throng
Thy heart must beat alone.

The crown is bright upon thy brow,
The purple on thy breast;
And calm and sweet, to us below,
Thou "smilest as at rest."

Yet though, in sight of multitudes,
Such honors high be worn,





Beneath the royal robe may beat
A heart the most forlorn.

The praises of the thoughtless crowds
That deem thee half divine,
And power, and fame, and stores of wealth,
These, noble one, are thine.

Yet oft I deem thy thoughts revert
Back, back, by slow degrees,
To that dear time when one sweet flower
Seemed fairer far than these;—

When loving hearts and gentle words,
Soft kisses on thy brow,
Could give a deeper, purer joy
Than all thy triumphs now.

And when the halls of crimson state
Are ringing with thy praise,
I hear thee sigh, through all the din,
“Alas! those early days!”

And then thine eye will flash with pride,
And brighten through thy tears;

And thou wilt stand renewed in strength,
From thoughts of those far years.

Their light is round thy pathway still,
A blessing and a spell,
A hallowed memory evermore —
And thou wilt use it well.

Ay, use it well! that when all else
Sounds hollow to thine ear,
Those sacred voices, soft and low,
May be forever near.

GOODNESS AND GOOD NATURE.

"ARE you not awake yet, mamma?" said Louisa Seyton, drawing aside the curtains of her sick mother's bed. "It is nearly one o'clock."

"Yes, my dear, I am awake, and have been for some time; but I waited for you to bring me my breakfast. I knew you would soon be back, and perhaps I shall not have you many more mornings."

"I hope not, dear mamma; for there is a prospect of my getting an excellent engagement. I have seen Mrs. Todd, the lady who answered my advertisement, and she seems quite satisfied with me. I am to call to-morrow for her final answer. But do not look unhappy, mamma, now our plans have succeeded, and my long-cherished wish is about to be realized."

"I should, I dare say, have been more unhappy if you had failed; yet, as the prospect of losing you draws nearer, I cannot but feel its bitterness. How I enjoy this tea you have made me! I shall never take my food with the same relish when you are not

here to bring it me; and how lonely I shall feel all day, while your brother is away!"

"Dear mamma," replied Louisa, smiling faintly, "if I were to remain here, I should soon have no food to bring you, or to eat myself, either. I shall spend very little of the money I earn, and send the remainder to you; then, surely, you will repay me by relishing food of my earning."

"I will try. How much are you to have? and how often shall I see you?"

"I left that entirely to Mrs. Todd. I was afraid of naming any amount, lest, by saying too large a sum, I should lose the engagement; or too small, I should fix the salary at a lower rate than Mrs. Todd had intended. I knew I must accept whatever she offered, and she seemed so good natured, that I have little doubt of her paying me liberally, and allowing me to give holidays twice a year."

"She may be very good natured, and yet do neither; I am sorry you made no agreement."

"I can do so to-morrow, mamma; but I would rather trust to her goodness."

"I see you think good nature and goodness equivalent. I hope, my dear, that you will find this good-natured lady is good, too."

In the evening, Louisa repeated the news to her brother.

"I am sure of having forty or fifty pounds a year," said she; "if it should be fifty, I can send home thirty, which, added to mamma's annuity, will enable her to live in tolerable comfort."

"I think," said Robert, "you should have mentioned that sum, as you say Mr. and Mrs. Todd seemed to be rich people. Ten pounds more or less would not have lost you your situation; and it will be of the utmost importance to us. If you have only forty pounds a year, we cannot remain in this house, where mamma has such a comfortable room; nor can she afford to continue taking the draughts that seem to be doing her so much good; but you are older than I am, and I dare say did what was best."

Louisa explained to her brother her reasons for not having mentioned any particular amount of salary; whereupon he declared that she was, in this case, as usual, perfectly right.

The brother and sister spent the whole evening in hoping and conjecturing concerning the amount of Louisa's salary, and arranging the manner in which each possible sum could be most wisely laid out.

"Have you fixed upon a governess yet?" inquired Mr. Todd of his wife, at breakfast, the morning after the foregoing conversation.

"Yes," replied she. "I have seen a very nice

girl, who seems likely to suit me in every respect; what salary ought I to offer her? She did not mention any sum."

"I scarcely know. What is she to teach?"

"Music, singing, French, Italian, and drawing; besides English, writing, and all that which we look for as a matter of course."

"I think fifty pounds a year would be a fair remuneration."

"I do not know at all what is usual, but I will ask my sister what she gives her governess. I was thinking of offering forty pounds."

"Well, as you please, my dear; ten pounds more or less will not ruin us."

After breakfast, Mrs. Todd drove over to the house of her sister, Mrs. Morley.

"What do you give Miss Dawson?" asked she. "I am going to engage a young lady, and I do not know what to offer her."

"When she came, two years ago, I gave her twenty pounds; last year she had twenty-five, and for the future will have thirty. What does your governess teach?"

Mrs. Todd found that Louisa Seyton's acquirements were much the same as Miss Dawson's, and that in all respects their situations would be similar.

Having originally intended to offer forty or fifty pounds, and not much caring what the exact sum was, she resolved on at once giving thirty.

"Shall you go to Brighton this year?" asked Mrs. Morley.

"I scarcely know," replied Mrs. Todd. "It costs us nearly fifty pounds, if we take all the children and two servants; and we cannot go comfortably without doing so."

"O, do go; the Stowells are going, and we shall enjoy it so much all together."

"Well, I will think of it. I shall most likely make up my mind to go."

Three weeks after this conversation, Louisa Seyton was taking leave of her mother. "I am very, very sorry, dear mamma," said she, "to be obliged to leave you in these miserable lodgings, where your room is so small that you scarcely seem to get enough air to breathe. Perhaps I may find a better situation some day, and be able to afford to take your old apartments again."

"I shall get used to these soon, dear," replied her mother. "Do not go without any thing you require yourself for my sake. I am sure you will need all your salary for your own clothes. When you can spare me a little money, I shall be thankful to you, and

enjoy the luxury it procures me; but when you cannot, do not fret; I shall do well enough, I dare say."

Louisa was not mistaken in thinking Mrs. Todd good natured. She found herself extremely happy in her house; so happy, indeed, that she grudged herself the comfort and pleasures which it was impossible to procure for her sick mother.

Mrs. Todd had a niece living with her, between whom and Louisa there sprang up a warm attachment. After the hours allotted to study, they sat together, working over the school-room fire; and, from general conversation, soon entered upon confidential subjects; so that, in a short time, each knew the other's dearest secrets.

"I can never quite tell," said Louisa, one day, to her new friend, "whether your aunt is really good natured or not. She has plenty of money, and always seems ready to give part of it to those who need it. Yet to me, who want it almost more than any one, (since upon my exertions depends the very life of my mother,) she gives so small a recompense for so much work. It cannot be because she thinks me incompetent to the task I undertake, for she has frequently expressed her satisfaction at the progress your cousins are making under my tuition. How can it be?"

"I do not know. I am often puzzled in the same way," returned Emma Todd. "You know she keeps me entirely at her own expense; has given me a good education, and is extremely angry if the servants treat me with less respect than they do her own children; yet sometimes she says and does things which seem to have no motive but that of mortifying me. For instance, she said the other day, before the children and servants, 'O Emma! it is a long time since I gave you any money. I suppose you have none. Here are five shillings.' It was perhaps foolish of me to mind this; but I could not help feeling vexed, when the servants exchanged significant glances, and the boys said to me afterwards, 'Do you think we shall obey you? Why, mamma keeps you, and gives you every penny you have.'"

When Louisa had been six months with Mrs. Todd, and had heard no hint of holidays, she began to despair of having them proposed to her, and resolved to mention the subject herself.

"Shall you," said she one day to Mrs. Todd, "have any objection to my giving the children a week or two's holidays at Christmas?"

Louisa dared not ask for more, and awaited in breathless anxiety the reply that was to decide her own and her mother's happiness for the next half

year. Mrs. Todd was counting some stitches in knitting, and did not answer immediately; so poor Louisa had time to think over the disappointment that awaited her dear, sick mother, and her affectionate brother, in case of a refusal.

"What did you say, Miss Seyton?" asked Mrs. Todd, looking up from her work.

"Shall you have any objection to my giving the children a few days' holidays at Christmas?" replied Louisa, changing the duration of the proposed holidays, in her fear of being refused.

"Not the least," replied Mrs. Todd. "When would you like to go home?"

"Will Friday week suit you? That will give me two days before Christmas, and I can return ——"

"On the following Friday, if you please."

That evening, Robert Seyton went to his mother's room with a ruffled brow. "Mother," exclaimed he, "I have a letter from Loui. She is to come home; but only for a week. How mean and selfish Mrs. Todd must be! How can she expect poor Loui to be kind to her children, and exert herself for their improvement to the utmost every day, if she takes no more care for her happiness than this? She knows you are ill, and that Louisa has never been parted from you before; yet she grants her only one week,

to enjoy your society and refresh herself from six months of hard work!"

"What, children! not at lessons?" exclaimed Mr. Todd, on entering the drawing room on the first evening of the holidays.

"No; Miss Seyton is gone home for a week," replied his wife.

"Only a week! I thought your sister gave Miss Dawson four weeks' holidays twice a year."

"Yes; and I had intended to do so; but Miss Seyton only asked for a week; so I suppose she did not want more."

"Did you ask her?"

"No; I was busy knitting, and I did not think much about it; but I suppose if she had wanted more she would have said so. I rather wished the children to have had longer relaxation; but it does not signify much. Talking of Miss Seyton, why did you not leave me out money to pay her?"

"Do you pay Miss Seyton?" asked John, a boy of about twelve years of age.

"Go away, child," replied his mother, "and do not ask impertinent questions."

"I say, Tom," said John, "Miss Seyton has wages, like a servant."

"I did not know Miss Seyton was going home," said

Mr. Todd, in answer to his wife's question, "or that it was time to pay her. I hope you got the money by some means."

"No; she did not seem to care much about it. I do not suppose she wants it till she comes back; for when I asked her to wait, she consented immediately."

"You had better send it by a money order."

Mrs. Todd took the notes her husband gave her, and intended to send them, but was so busy in making calls the next two days, that the money glided away in small payments, before she again thought of Louisa.

"Louisa, dear!" cried Robert, entering his mother's room an hour or two after his sister's return. "Here is the landlord. I have put him off over and over again, hoping to get money to pay him, and was always disappointed. Last week he would have turned us out of the house had I not received your letter, which I showed him, upon which he consented to wait till you came to pay him."

Louisa's face was scarlet in a moment. She turned quickly, and was about to speak; but glancing at her sick mother, she seized her brother's hand, and led him from the room.

"Dear Robert," said she, as soon as she was out

of her mother's hearing, "I have no money; Mrs. Todd asked me to wait for it till my return."

"Then did you not tell her how much you should want it while you were at home?"

"No; I did not think she would have asked me to wait, unless it had been as inconvenient for her to pay me as she must have known it would be to me to go home without money."

Louisa went to the landlord, and begged him to wait once more. "I shall return in a week," said she, "and will ask for the money immediately, and send it to you by the first post. If I do not, my brother will not ask you to wait any more."

After much persuasion, the landlord consented to another delay of eight days, giving time for Louisa to return at the end of the week, and send the money by the next day's post. Louisa went back joyfully to her mother's room, and said nothing of what had passed. The little family were so happy in their reunion, and chatted so pleasantly of their plans for the coming week, that they forgot, for the time, how fast it would fly away.

On the last day of Louisa's holidays would occur the anniversary of Robert's birthday. She and her mother busied themselves during the whole week in preparing for the day. Three or four of the few

friends who had clung to them in their adversity were invited to spend the evening in their little sitting room, and the mother and daughter made presents in needlework, not only for Robert, but for each of the guests.

"Mamma!" said Louisa, coming in one morning with a glowing face and a letter in her hand, "Mary Stowell has accepted my invitation, and says that her brother Charles is returned from India, and insists on joining the party. Is it not good of him to come to us poor people, when he is become so rich?"

"Charles Stowell is too good a man to let riches or poverty interfere with his friendships," replied Mrs. Seyton, more pleased than she chose to let her daughter know.

On that same day, Mary Todd ran to her mother with a letter in her hand.

"Mamma," said she, "Mr. Stowell is come from India, and Mrs. Stowell has invited us all to go to her house on Wednesday, and sent us tickets for the Zoölogical Gardens on Thursday. May we go? We shall see a bird that Mr. Stowell brought to England."

"You may go to Mrs. Stowell's house on Wednesday, but I cannot let you go alone to the Gardens, and there will be no one to take you. I cannot leave the baby, and your cousin will be out."

"Will not Miss Seyton be back?"

"No; not till Friday."

"Then let me write, and tell her to come on Thursday."

"No, my dear; she will not like to return sooner than she expected, for the sake of taking you out."

"O, do, mamma," said Mary, pouting playfully; "just one day cannot signify. Dear mamma, do let me write."

"No, my dear. Now go. I am busy. You have had your answer."

"No, no, mamma. Do say yes; then I will go," continued Mary, holding her mamma by the skirts of her dress.

"Come, Mary, let me go. Well, any thing you like, then. Yes."

Off ran Mary, and wrote the letter which rendered useless all Louisa and her mother's work, and overthrew in a moment the happiness of the little group, who were talking merrily about the coming party.

"Mamma," said Louisa, as she heard the postman's knock, on the evening preceding Robert's birthday, "I long so much to see Mary and Charles, to see if India has changed him, that I am afraid at the arrival of each letter, lest it should come from them, to say that, after all, something will prevent their joining us."

The letter was given her. "No, it is from H—— Street. The money, no doubt," whispered she to Robert. She was silent for a few moments; then giving the letter to her mother, with tears in her eyes, she said, "I wonder whether Mrs. Todd ever remembers how entirely I depend on her for happiness! Never mind, mamma! I must go." And she forced herself to write a cheerful note of acquiescence.

Mr. Todd was surprised to see Louisa back on Thursday. On ascertaining from Mary the reason, he called his wife to his study.

"Mary," said he, "I have often thought of pointing out to you a habit of thoughtlessness, by which you seriously affect the happiness of others. I know you are thoroughly kind hearted, and would never willingly pain those who depend on you; but you do not sufficiently consider the matter. Does it ever occur to you, that besides myself and our children, there are five persons in this house whose happiness your slightest word or action can materially affect?"

"I have not thought much of it," replied she; "but I believe I am very good to Miss Seyton and Emma, and to the servants."

"Not good, my love; you are excessively good natured, but you do not think enough to let your

good nature have its full course. Was it good of you to deprive Miss Seyton of one of the seven days you had granted her, for the sake of a child's whim? Was it good, the other day, when your nursery maid was to have had a holiday to see her mother, to keep her waiting till you had finished reading the newspaper,—in which you never take much interest,—till the rain came on, and she could not go? When you found that it was so, did you remember how her poor heart must have sunk, as one half hour after another passed away without your ringing, as you had promised to do, for her to bring you the baby, and when at last she saw the clouds gather and the rain fall, so that all hope of seeing her mother was gone?"

"I was interrupted in my reading; and I shall see that the girl goes another day."

"You speak lightly of it, Mary, because you give the subject no thought. If little Mary were disappointed of seeing you, after a separation of six months, we should not blame her for crying bitterly, in spite of a promise that she should see you another day. Do you not think it is your duty to give a little thought to these five persons, for whose happiness you are in so great a degree responsible? I am sure, if you had thought about it, you would not have disappointed the nurse maid, nor deprived Miss Sey-

ton of her last day at home. Perhaps you sometimes make more unhappiness than you imagine by such carelessness. I know that few people look upon the subject as I do; but I consider it a serious responsibility to be at the head of a house, and should, in your place, think it right to devote considerable attention to the comfort of those under me. This, my dear, is the only duty in which I see you fail."

Mrs. Todd promised to consider the subject, though she did not at all see how her usual way of acting could bring any serious unhappiness upon the members of her household.

The next day she told her husband, as she was returning with him from a walk, that she had not paid Louisa, who had asked her for her money, as she particularly wished to send a part of it home by that day's post.

"Then we must hasten back," said Mr. Todd, "or we shall be too late for the post."

They walked on quickly for some time, till Mrs. Todd was attracted by a pretty bonnet, and insisted on going into the shop to ask its price. "I will not be three minutes," said she.

"You must not, my love, or we shall be too late," answered her husband. "I will wait for you outside."

Mrs. Todd tried on the bonnet. It was too small.

The milliner had another up stairs, and would get it in a minute. Mrs. Todd followed her. This was too large. "I cannot wait to see another," said Mrs. Todd. "Here is an elegant thing," cried the milliner. "O, that is beautiful! I will just put it on." This became the lady admirably. She bought it, and hastened down stairs.

On reëntering the shop, she found her husband inquiring for her. "You have been ten minutes, Mary," said he.

They hastened home, and as they entered, the clock struck six. The post was gone; and Louisa sat crying in her bed room.

"How can you tell," said Mr. Todd, "to what inconvenience the poor girl will be put by your delay? She would not have asked for the money unless she had wanted it particularly."

Mrs. Todd blushed, and felt herself to blame; but forgot it all, as she heard her baby's crow of recognition.

On the evening of Robert's birthday, Charles Stowell arrived half an hour before any of the other guests. He was too impatient to see Louisa to wait even for his sister. He had been fond of her before he left England, but had imagined, from her retiring manners, that she repulsed him. He had, however,

heard from his sister Mary of so many kind words on the part of Louisa, when he had been the subject of conversation, that he was now full of hope.

When he had waited ten minutes, and only Robert came, he began to feel less happy, and recall what his guardian had told him of Louisa's having formed another attachment; and when Robert stammered out — his own disappointment almost choking his voice — that Louisa had returned to H—— Street a day sooner than she had intended, Charles doubted his mistake no longer. He concluded that Mary's playful allusions to his fondness for Louisa had made her take this step to prevent his making further advances. He was gloomy all the evening, and left with a determination never to reënter the house.

On the appointed day, Robert and his mother watched anxiously for Louisa's letter, containing the landlord's money; but the postman went by, and no letter came. Before twelve hours had passed, from the time the infuriated landlord had again left the house without his money, Mrs. Seyton was lying on a broken sofa,—the only piece of furniture Robert had been able to purchase from the broker who had seized their goods,—in a small attic, without fire, and almost without covering.

The next day Louisa told Mrs. Todd that she had

received a letter which made it necessary for her to return home immediately. Mrs. Todd at once granted leave, and showed a kind concern at Louisa's evident dejection. "Is there any thing I can do for you, Miss Seyton?" said she. "I am sure you know I should be ready to assist you, if it is possible for me to do so."

Louisa thanked Mrs. Todd, but declined entering upon any explanation. The only favor she asked was, to be allowed to leave without giving the customary notice.

About a week after Louisa's departure, Mrs. Stowell called upon Mrs. Todd. "I want," said she, "to ask you about Brighton—whether you will take part of a large house with me. Your sister tells me you intend going there for a month or two next summer."

The plan was discussed and agreed upon. "There is one thing I am afraid you will be unwilling to do," said Mrs. Stowell; "that is, to go quite early in the spring. I want to ask two friends who are in great pecuniary distress to go with me. I have no room for them in my house, and I know they have at present scarcely enough to live on. By the time they have been with me a few weeks, I hope to have talked over some plan for their future support. The daughter may perhaps find a good situation, for she

is very accomplished, and might get fifty or sixty pounds a year; but in the mean time, you see, I am anxious to have them with me. The lady's husband assisted Mr. Stowell materially when we were first married, and got Charles his post in India.

"I want a governess," said Mrs. Todd. "Mine has just left me."

"I should be delighted for my young friend to be with you, I know you would treat her so kindly. She has been with some lady, who not only gave her so small a salary that it would have been impossible for her to spare any part of it for her poor mother, who spent the whole of the little fortune her husband left her in educating her daughter, but even this she neglected to pay; so that the poor creatures have had all their furniture taken by their landlord, and Louisa, obliged to leave her situation to wait on her mother, has scarcely food to eat. You may judge of the interest I take in the girl, when I tell you I wished Charles to have married her; but she does not like him, and left home a day sooner than she was to have done, evidently to avoid seeing him; but this is *entre nous*. My uncle, who, you know, was Charles's guardian till he was of age, cannot bear the name of Seyton, and wishes Charles to marry some one with money."

Mrs. Todd, who during the whole narrative had felt singularly uncomfortable, and had at each sentence blushed more deeply, now, as she heard the name of Seyton, turned quite pale, and made some excuse for leaving the room. Sending her niece to amuse Mrs. Stowell in her absence, she hastened to her husband's study, and told him all that had passed.

"Do not reproach me," said she; "I am enough punished. Tell me how to undo the harm I have done."

"We can soon do that, my love," answered her husband; "and Louisa Seyton is so good, that she will rejoice in the sorrow you have caused her, when she shall find, that by it she has secured, to all who are for the future under your power, a more careful, and do not feel hurt if I say, a more *conscientious*, treatment."

"That is indeed a hard word. Do you think I acted unconscientiously? I assure you I had not, in any one instance, the least idea that I was causing sorrow. I was only thoughtless."

"But it is unconscientious, my love, to be thoughtless about grave duties. Well! do not look unhappy; I am sure you will now be perfect, and never forget the lesson you have had."

"No; and I see you are right. People on whose

thought the happiness of others depends have no right to be thoughtless."

While this conversation was going on in the study, Emma was telling Mrs. Stowell of the loss she had just sustained in the sudden departure of her aunt's governess.

"I feel it more," said she, "because I think her family was in trouble. Though she had always told me all her secrets, she would not explain the reason of her leaving us so abruptly."

"Secrets!" exclaimed Mrs. Stowell, laughing. "Girls seem always to have secrets; or I should wonder what secrets there could have been between you and your aunt's governess."

"I assure you there were; for instance, Louisa was in love—at least I suspect she was—with some gentleman who returned from India while she was at home, and was to have seen her on the last day of her holidays, had not my aunt written for her to come back sooner. This made hours of secret talk, for she was constantly conjecturing what construction he would put on her absence; whether it pained him, and if she should ever see him again. I have not betrayed the secret," continued Emma, blushing, "for I have told no names."

"You must tell me the surname of your Louisa,"

said Mrs. Stowell, in her turn frightened. "If it is Seyton, I have made a dreadful mistake."

"Yes!" exclaimed Emma; "have I done any harm?"

"No; but I have. Pray, call your aunt to me directly."

Mrs. Todd came in with the traces of tears on her cheeks. "My dear friend," said she, "I see from your manner that you have discovered me to be the culprit whom you have been so justly blaming."

"Spare me, my dear Mrs. Todd," interrupted her friend. "You must be sure I have known you too long not to feel quite convinced that you acted from mere thoughtlessness. Pray forgive me for wounding you; and let us now unite in making Louisa Seyton and her mother happy."

The friends bade each other adieu. And Mrs. Stowell hastened to tell her son what she knew would, in a moment, dispel the dejection into which he had fallen since the evening of Robert's birthday.

"I cannot," said Mrs. Todd to her husband, "regret that I have had so painful a proof of the truth of the observations you made to me some time ago. I thought, because every one called me good natured, that I could not deserve your censure; but I now see there is a world of difference between Goodness and Good Nature."

THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE.

AFTER my good and excellent mistress, Mrs. Dacre, departed this life for a better, it seemed as if nothing ever prospered in the family, whom I had the honor of serving in the capacity of confidential housekeeper. Mr. Dacre became morose and careless of his affairs; his sons were a source of great misery to him, pursuing a course of reckless extravagance and heartless dissipation; while the five young ladies—the youngest of whom, however, had attained the age of twenty-four—cared for little else than dress, and visiting, and empty show. These five young ladies had not amiable dispositions or gentle manners; but they were first-rate horsewomen, laughed and talked very loud, and were pronounced fine dashing women. There was another member of the family, an orphan niece of my master's, who had greatly profited by my lamented lady's teaching and companionship. Miss Marion had devoted herself to the sick room with even more than a daughter's love; and for two years she had watched

beside the patient sufferer, when her more volatile and thoughtless cousins refused to credit the approach of death. Miss Marion had just entered her twentieth year; life had not been all summer with her; for she remembered scenes of privation and distress, ere the decease of her parents left her, their only child, to the care of affluent relatives. She was a serious and meek, but affectionate creature; of a most goodly countenance and graceful carriage; and I used sometimes to think that the Misses Dacre were jealous of the admiration she excited, and kept her in the background as much as possible. It was not difficult to do this, for Miss Marion sought and loved retirement. After Mrs. Dacre's decease, she had expressed an urgent wish to earn her bread by filling the situation of a governess. But the pride of the Dacres revolted at this; besides, Miss Marion was a comfort to her uncle, when his daughters were absent or occupied. So the dear young lady gave up her own wishes, and strove to do all she could for her generous benefactor, as she was wont to call my master.

Circumstances, which it were needless to detail, except to say that, although I had served *one* mistress satisfactorily, I found it impossible to serve *five*, determined me to resign the situation I had creditably filled for so many years. I deeply grieved to leave my

beloved Miss Marion ; and she, sweet, humble soul, on her part, yearned towards me, and wept a farewell on my bosom. I betook myself, in the first instance, to my brother, Thomas Wesley, and his wife—a worthy couple, without children, renting a small farm nearly a hundred miles off.* A very pleasant, small farm it was, situated in a picturesque valley, through which tumbled and foamed a limpid hill stream, washing the roots of fine old trees, and playing all sorts of antics. This valley was a resort of quiet anglers, and also of artists during the summer season ; and Thomas and Martha Wesley often let a neat parlor and adjoining bed room to such respectable, steady people as did not object to observe the primitive hours and customs enforced at Fairdown Farm. Here I enjoyed the privilege of writing to, and hearing from, my dear Miss Marion ; and though she never complained, or suffered a murmur to escape her, yet from the tenor of her letters I had great cause to fear things were all going very wrong at Mr. Dacre's, and that her own health, always delicate, was giving way beneath the pressure of anxiety and unkindness.

In less than six months after I had quitted the family, a climax, which I had long anticipated with dread, actually arrived. Mr. Dacre, suddenly called to his account, was found to have left his temporal

affairs involved in inextricable and hopeless ruin; and amid the general crash and desolation, who was to shield or befriend the poor dependant, the orphan niece, Miss Marion? She was rudely cast adrift on the cold world; her proffered sympathy and services tauntingly rejected by those who had now a hard battle to fight on their own account. Broken down in health and spirits, the poor young lady flew to me, her humble, early friend, gratefully and eagerly availing herself of Thomas Wesley's cordial invitation to make his house her home for the present.

With much concern, we all viewed Miss Marion's wan and careworn looks, so touching in the young. "But her dim blue een will get bright again, and she'll fill out—never fear," said Martha Wesley to me, by way of comfort and encouragement, "now we've got her amongst *us*, poor dear. I doubt those proud Misses Dacre were not over-tender with such a one as sweet Miss Marion——"

"Dame, dame, don't let that tongue of thine wag so fast," interrupted Thomas; for he never liked to hear people ill spoken of behind their backs, though he would speak out plainly enough to every body's face.

A few days after Miss Marion's arrival at Fair-down, (it was just at the hay-making season, and the earth was very beautiful—birds singing and flowers

blooming—soft breezes blowing, and musical streamlets murmuring rejoicingly in the sunshine,) a pedestrian was seen advancing leisurely up the valley, coming in a direction from the neighboring town—a distance, however, of some miles, and the nearest point where the coach stopped. The stranger, aided in his walk by a stout stick, was a short, thick-set, elderly man, clad in brown habiliments from head to foot; a brown, broad-brimmed beaver, an antiquated brown spencer, (a brown wig must not be omitted,) brown gaiters, and brown cloth boots, completed his attire. His linen was spotless and fine, his countenance rubicund and benevolent; and when he took off his green spectacles, a pair of the clearest and honestest brown eyes ever set in mortal's head looked you full in the face. He was a nice, comfortable-looking old gentleman; and so Thomas and I both thought at the same moment—for Martha was out of the way, and I showed the apartments for her; the stranger, who gave his name as Mr. Budge, having been directed to our house by the people of the inn where the coach stopped, who were kin to Martha, and well-disposed, obliging persons.

Mr. Budge said he wanted quietness for some weeks, and the recreation of fishing; he had come from the turmoil of the great city to relax and enjoy himself,

and if Thomas Wesley would kindly consent to receive him as a lodger, he would feel very much obliged. Never did we listen to so pleasant and obliging a mode of speaking; and when Mr. Budge praised the apartments, and admired the country, the conquest of Thomas's heart was complete. "Besides," as Martha sagaciously remarked, "it was so much better to have a steady old gentleman like this for a lodger, when pretty Miss Marion honored them as a guest." I thought so too; my dear young lady being so lone and unprotected by relatives, we all took double care of her.

So Mr. Budge engaged the rooms, and speedily arrived to take possession, bringing with him a spick-and-span new fishing rod and basket. He did not know much about fishing, but he enjoyed himself just as thoroughly as if he did; and he laughed so good humoredly at his own Cockney blunders, as he called them, that Thomas would have been quite angry had any one else presumed to indulge a smile at Mr. Budge's expense. A pattern lodger in all respects was Mr. Budge—deferential towards Martha and myself, and from the first moment he beheld Miss Marion, regarding her as a superior being, yet one to be loved by a mortal for all that. Mr. Budge was not a particularly communicative individual himself, though we opined, from various observations, that, although

not rich, he was comfortably off; but, somehow or other, without appearing in the least inquisitive, he managed to obtain the minutest information he required. In this way, he learned all the particulars respecting Miss Marion; and gathered also from me my own desire of obtaining a situation, such as I had held at Mr. Dacre's, but in a small and well-regulated household. As to Miss Marion, the kind old gentleman could never show kindness enough to her; and he watched the returning roses on her fair cheeks with a solicitude scarcely exceeded by mine. I never wondered at any body admiring and loving the sweet, patient girl; but Mr. Budge's admiration and apparent affection so far exceeded the bounds of mere conventional kindness in a stranger, that sometimes I even smilingly conjectured he had the idea of asking her to become Mrs. Budge, for he was a widower, as he told us, and childless.

Such an idea, however, had never entered Miss Marion's innocent heart; and she, always so grateful for any little attention, was not likely to receive with coldness those so cordially lavished on her by her new friend, whom she valued as a truly good man, and not for a polished exterior, in which Mr. Budge was deficient. Nay, so cordial was their intimacy, and so much had Miss Marion regained health and cheerfulness, that, with unwonted sportiveness, on more than

one occasion she actually hid the ponderous brown snuff-box, usually reposing in Mr. Budge's capacious pocket, and only produced it when his distress became real; whereupon he chuckled and laughed, as if she had performed a mighty clever feat, indulging at the same time, however, in a double pinch.

Some pleasant weeks to us all had thus glided away, and Miss Marion was earnestly consulting me about her project of governessing, her health being now so restored; and I, for my part, wanted to execute my plans for obtaining a decent livelihood, as I could not think of burdening Thomas and Martha any longer, loath as they were for me to leave them. Some pleasant weeks, I say, had thus glided away, when Mr. Budge, with much ceremony and circumlocution, as if he had deeply pondered the matter, and considered it very weighty and important, made a communication which materially changed and brightened my prospects. It was to the effect, that an intimate friend of his, whom he had known, he said, all his life, required the immediate services of a trustworthy housekeeper, to take the entire responsible charge of his house. "My friend," continued Mr. Budge, tapping his snuff-box complacently, his brown eyes twinkling with the pleasure of doing a kind act, for his green specs were in their well-worn case at his elbow—"my friend is about my age—a sober chap, you see, Mrs. Deborah;"

here a chuckle—"and he has no wife and no child to take care of him"—here a slight sigh: "he has lately bought a beautiful estate, called Sorel Park, and it is there you will live, with nobody to interfere with you, as the lady relative who will reside with my friend is a most amiable and admirable young lady; and I am sure, Mrs. Deborah, you will become much attached to her. By the by, Mrs. Deborah," he continued, after pondering for a moment, "will you do me the favor to use your influence to prevent Miss Marion from accepting any appointment for the present? as, after you are established at Sorel Park, I think I know of a home that may suit her."

The owner of Sorel Park was not as yet known there; for Mr. Budge, being a managing man, had taken every thing upon himself, and issued orders with as lordly an air as if there was nobody in the kingdom above the little brown man. The head gardener, and some of the other domestics, informed me they had been engaged by Mr. Budge himself, who, I apprehend, made very free and busy with the concerns of his friend. Sorel Park was a princely domain, and there was an air of substantial comfort about the dwelling and its appointments, which spoke volumes of promise as to domestic arrangements in general. I soon found time to write a description of the place to Miss Marion, for I knew how interested she was

in all that concerned her faithful Deborah; and I anxiously awaited the tidings she had promised to convey — of Mr. Budge having provided as comfortably for her as he had for me. I at length received formal notification of the day and hour the owner of Sorel Park expected to arrive, accompanied by his female relative. This was rather earlier than I had been led to expect; but all things being in order for their reception, I felt glad at their near approach, for I was strangely troubled and nervous to get this introduction over. I was very anxious, too, about my dear Miss Marion; for I knew that some weighty reason alone prevented her from answering my letter, though what that reason could be, it was impossible for me to conjecture.

The momentous day dawned; the hours glided on; and the twilight hour deepened. The superior servants and myself stood ready to receive the travellers, listening to every sound; and startled, nevertheless, when the rapid approach of carriage wheels betokened their close proximity. With something very like disappointment, for which I accused myself of ingratitude, I beheld Mr. Budge, browner than ever, alight from the chariot, carefully assisting a lady, who seemed in delicate health, as she was muffled up like a mummy. Mr. Budge returned my respectful salutation most cordially, and said, with a smile, as he bustled for-

wards to the saloon, where a cheerful fire blazed brightly on the hearth,—for it was a chill evening,—“I’ve brought your new mistress home, you see, Mrs. Deborah; but you want to know where your new master is—eh? Well, come along, and this young lady will tell you all about the old fellow.”

I followed them into the apartment; Mr. Budge shut the door; the lady flung aside her veil, and my own dear, sweet Miss Marion clasped me round the neck, and sobbed hysterically in my arms.

“Tell her, my darling,” said Mr. Budge, himself quite husky, and turning away to wipe off a tear from his ruddy cheek—“tell her, my darling, you’re the *mistress* of Sorel Park; and when you’ve made the good soul understand *that*, tell her we’d like a cup of tea before we talk about the *master*.”

“O my dear Miss Marion!” was all I could utter; “what does this mean? Am I in a dream?” But it was not a happy dream; for when I had a moment to reflect, my very soul was troubled as I thought of the sacrifice of all her youthful aspirations, made by that poor, gentle creature, for the sake of a secure and comfortable home in this stormy world. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of Mr. Budge and Marion as man and wife; and as I learned, ere we retired to rest that night, I had no occasion to do so. Mr. Budge was Miss Marion’s paternal uncle, her moth-

Miss Dacre, having married his elder brother. These brothers were of respectable birth, but inferior to the Dacres; and while the elder never prospered in any undertaking, and finally died of a broken heart, the younger, toiling in foreign climes, gradually amassed a competency. On returning to his native land, he found his brother no more, and the orphan girl he had left behind placed with her mother's relatives.

Mr. Budge had a great dread of appearing before these proud patrician people, who had always openly scorned his deceased brother; and once accidentally encountering them at a public *fête*, the contumelious bearing of the young ladies towards the little brown gentleman deterred him from any nearer approach. No doubt, he argued, his brother's daughter was deeply imbued with similar principles, and would blush to own a "Mr. Budge" for her uncle! This name he had adopted as the condition of inheriting a noble fortune unexpectedly bequeathed by a plebeian, but worthy and industrious relative, only a few years previous to the period when Providence guided his footsteps to Fairdown Farm and Miss Marion.

The moderate competency Mr. Budge had hitherto enjoyed, and which he had toiled hard for, now augmented to ten times the amount, sorely perplexed and troubled him; and after purchasing Sorel Park, he was flown from the turmoil of affluence, to seek peace

and obscurity for a while, under pretext of pursuing the philosophical recreation of angling. How unlike the Misses Dacre was the fair and gracious creature he encountered at Fairdown! And not a little the dear old gentleman prided himself on his talents for what he called diplomacy—arranging his plans, he said, “just like a book romance.” After my departure, he returned to Fairdown, and confided the wonderful tidings to Thomas and Martha Wesley, more cautiously imparting them to Miss Marion, whose gentle spirits were more easily fluttered by sudden surprise.

For several years, Mr. Budge paid an annual visit to Fairdown, when the trout-fishing season commenced; and many useful and valuable gifts found their way into Thomas's comfortable homestead, presented by dear Miss Marion. In the course of time, she became the wife of one worthy of her in every respect—their lovely children often sportively carrying off the ponderous box of brown rappee, and yet uncle Budge never frowning.

These darlings cluster round my knees, and one, more demure than the rest, thoughtfully asks, “Why is uncle Budge's hair not snowy white, like yours, dear Deb? For uncle Budge says he is *very* old, and that God will soon call him away from us.”

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